





LILLI ANN DESIGNS FOR YOUNG AND EXCITING WOMEN OF ALL AGES...THIS EXCLUSIVE FABRIC-OF-FRANCE "TISSUE DE TRIUMPH," THE MOST ELEGANT HANDWOVEN FABRIC, A BRILLIANT BLENDING OF SILK, MOHAIR AND WORSTED, DEVELOPED IN FRANCE FOR LILLI ANN...FOR THIS FULL-SKIRTED COAT ... SOFT BLUE, PINK, YELLOW, GREY... ABOUT ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS AT FINE STORES OR WRITE LILLI ANN, SAN FRANCISCO OR PARIS.



FOR NAME OF STORE NEAREST YOU, WRITE LARRY ALDRICH . 530 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

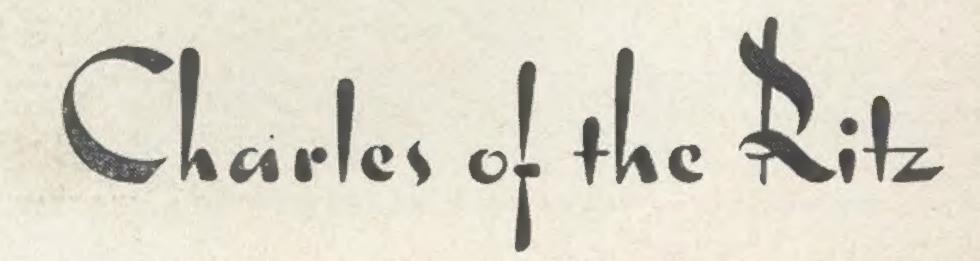
# I. MAGNINECO.



SAN FRANCISCO . OAKLAND . SACRAMENTO . SEATTLE . LOS ANGELES . BEVERLY HILLS . PASADENA . SANTA BARBARA . LA JOLLA



REVENESCENCE... the tranquility of knowing time has been robbed of its trademark.



# Hudson's Woodward

Shops

DETROIT'S AVENUE OF FASHION

Imported Linton tweed

important for Spring. The deft

hands of DAVIDOW give it timeless,

city-country tailoring. Brown and white,

black and white, sizes 10-18. 129.50





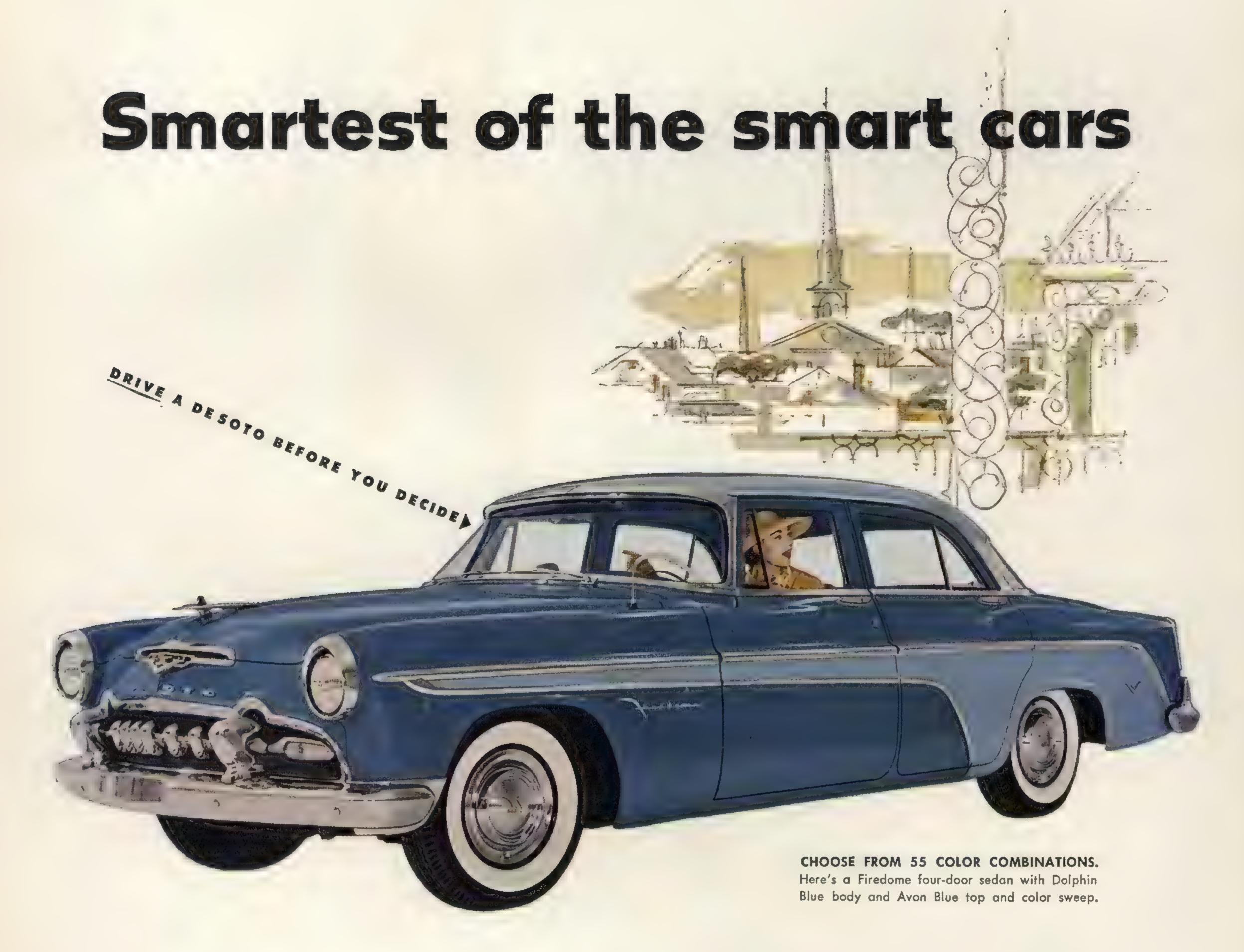
that ayres look\_

Hattie Carnegie brings charming femininity
to the fashion scene in a dress
of handkerchief linen
and a graceful leghorn hat.

L. S. Apres + co.
Indianapolis



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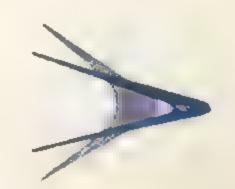


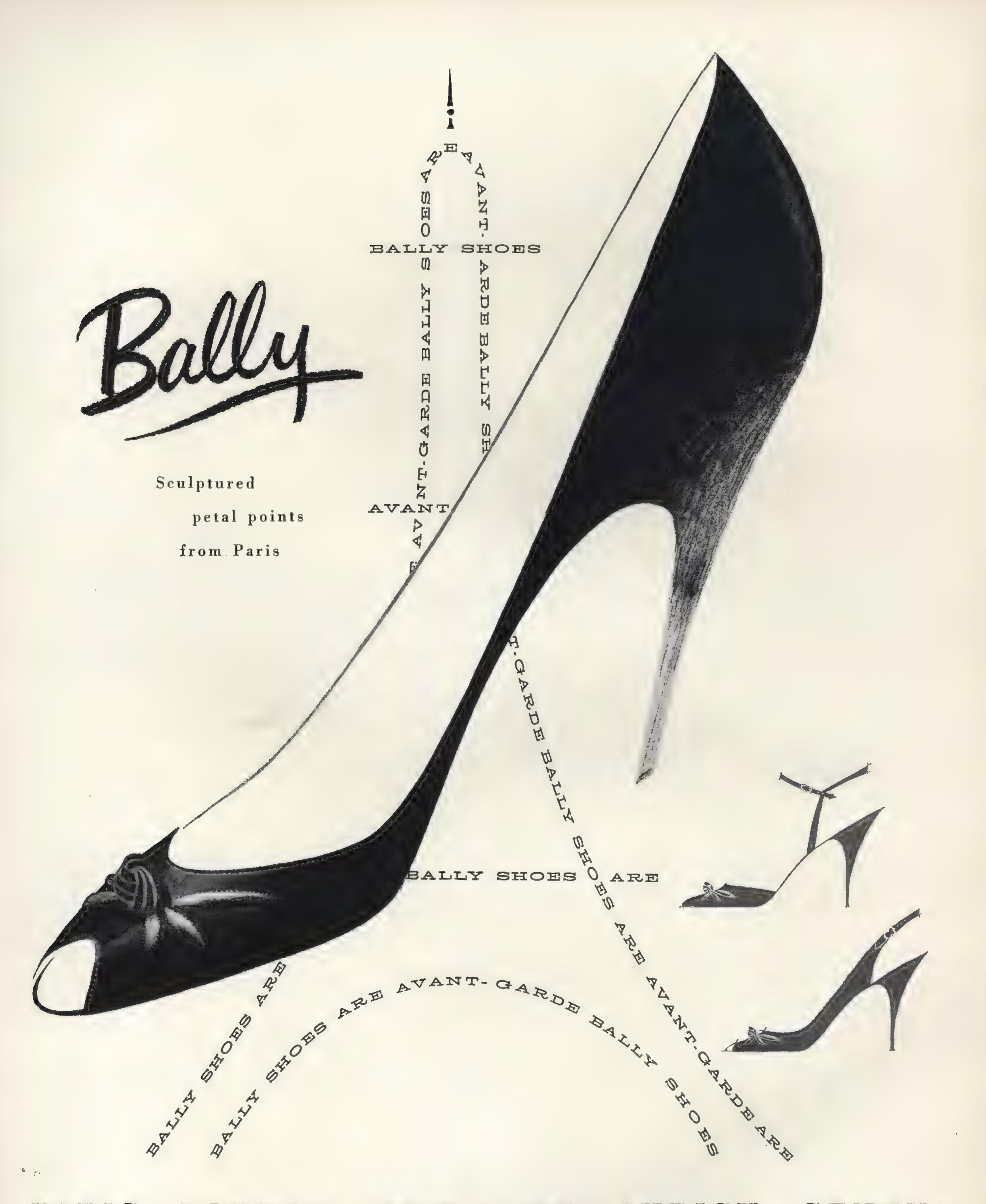
This year the famous De Soto Firedome — entirely restyled and more powerful than ever — comes to you at a new lower price. This forward-looking, road-hugging beauty has a smartness that wins admiring glances everywhere. It's so low you can look right over the roof! And note the New Horizon wraparound windshield that is swept back to give you 20 per cent more glass area.

Both Firedome and Fireflite models have mighty V-8 engines to give you the thrilling performance De Soto appearance promises. See - and drive - these "smartest of the smart cars" at your De Soto dealer before you buy any car! De Soto Division, Chrysler Corporation.



the NEW DESOTO with the Forward Look

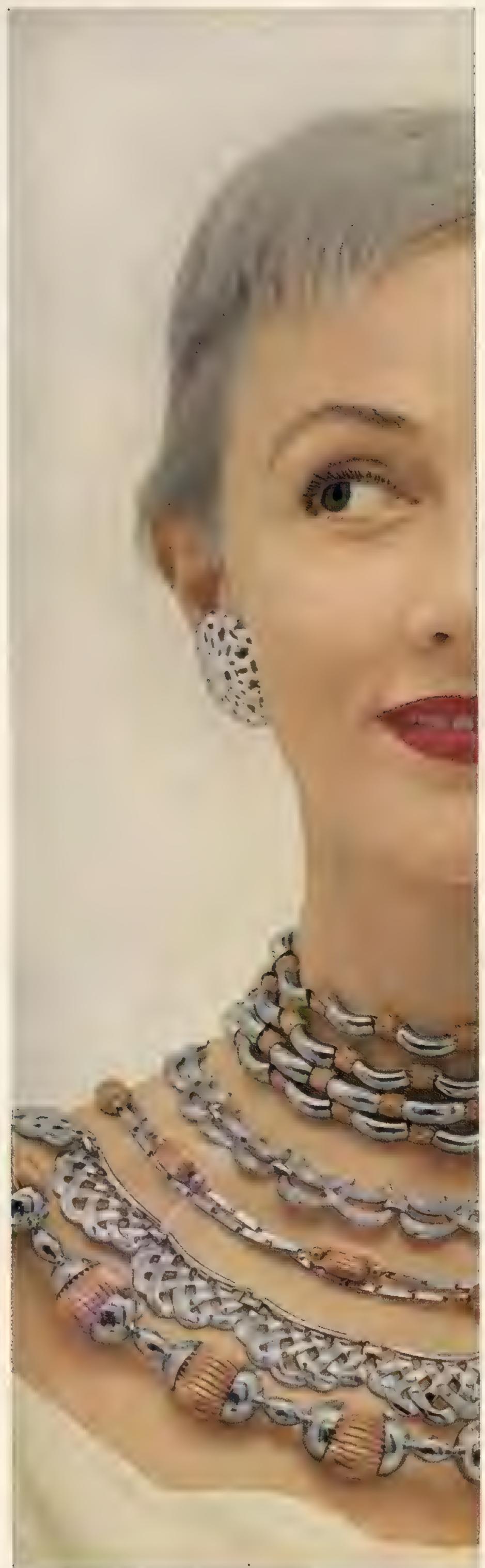




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leather tailored in Wonder-fabric, Crescendoes never shrink. wash and wear endlessly



the new hueand cry... wonderful, wonderful!

A sunburst of tones! Magnificent new designs in the rose gold, green gold and silvery hues that are fashion's cues. All in the Golden Manner of Monet. Each bears the signature of Monet.

Consider jeweler at fine stores



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# Don't let your youth evaporate

After 25, your skin loses

youth's moisture more quickly than nature can replenish it



antique jewelry by Felix Laurence

## Revelow 'MOON DROPS', with its new balance of humectants, feeds back into your skin the MOISTURE OF YOUTH

Women used to think they had to grease their faces to relieve dry skin. But now we know it's moisture that makes a baby's skin so dewy...moisture that diminishes as women grow older. And skins fade as they dry, look so old and gray some winter mornings it's frightening.

Revlon Moon Drops scientifically combats dry skin with a new balance of humectants—those vital inner moistures that keep skin young. Flow this wonder balm on before you put on make-up—and again before bed. Feel the youth-giving moistures being fed back into your skin, leaving it fresher, smoother...looking years younger. Start now to have a fresh dewy look, 24 hours a day.

Moon Drops Moisture Balm, only 3.00\* and 5.00\*

#### Look years younger with Revlon's new "magic moisture" care!

Build-Up Firming Facial . . . a lovely lift for tired skin, 3.50\*.

WHITE SABLE Liquid Cleansing Creme cleans your skin cleaner than ever before! 1.50\*. With hormones, 2.25\*. WAKING BEAUTY Night Creme. Ultraenriched creme for extra-dry skins. 3.50\* and 6.00\*. With hormones, 4.00\*



and 7.00\*.

\*plus tax

# Jerry Gilden

#### "SPECIAL EDITION"

Dress of the Month

Alexandria, Va....Hayman's Allegan, Mich....The Grange Store Atlanta, Ga.... Davison-Paxon Atlantic City, N. J..., M. E. Blatt Austin, Tex....Goodfriend's Bakersfield, Calif.... Weill's Baltimore, Md....Stewart & Co. Bangor, Me....The Rines Co. Baton Rouge, La...Rosenfield's Bethel, Conn....Elsa Edna Biloxi, Miss....W. V. Joyce Birmingham, Ala....The Parisian Boston, Mass....R. H. Stearns Buffalo, N. Y....J. N. Adams Canton, Ohio...Stern & Mann Charleston, S. C....James F. Condon Clarksburg, W. Va....Broida's Cleveland, Ohio... Higbee Co. Clinton, Iowa...Peter Garsield Columbus, Ga....Kiralfy's Corsicana, Tex....Paulyne Dallas, Tex...A. Harris Denver, Colo.... Neu steter's Des Moines, Iowa...Younker Bros. Detroit, Mich....Kline's East St. Louis, Ill....Stanley's Eugene, Ore....Russell's Flint, Mich..., Maas Bros. Grand Haven, Mich....Style Shop Greensboro, N. C... Ellis Stone Hartford, Conn....Sage-Allen Helena, Ark....Ada's Hickory, N. C.... Spainhour's Homestead, Pa....Hyman's Houston, Tex..., Foley Bros. Indianapolis, Ind....William H. Block Jackson, Miss....The Vogue Kansas City, Mo.... Harzfeld's Keyser, W. Va.... Rhear's Lexington, Ky.... Perkin's Inc. Lodi, Calif....Du Bois Los Angeles, Calif....The May Co. Louisville, Ky..., Byck's Lumberton, N. C... Ideal Dress Manchester, N. H.... College Shop Memphis, Tenn....John Gerber Miami, Fla....Burdines Milwaukee, Wisc....T. A. Chapman Minneapolis, Minn....The Dayton Co. Montclair, N. J.... Frederick's Muncie, Ind.... Collegienne Shops Nashville. Tenn.... Cain-Sloan Co. Newark, N. J.... Hahne & Co. New Orleans, La... Maison Blanche New York City, N. Y....Russeks Niagara Falls, N. Y....Jenss Bros. No. Attleboro, Mass....Dow's Norwich, Conn....Trachtenberg's Oklahoma City, Okla....Kerr's Omaha, Neb.... Goldstein, Chapman Pasadena, Calif....Bullocks Perth Amboy, N. J....Gerry Price Philadelphia, Pa....John Wanamaker Phoenix, Ariz....Goldwater's Pittsburgh, Pa....Gimbel's Plainfield, N. J....Arthur Morton Plattsburgh, N. Y....Shanon's Providence, R. I.... Gladdings Pulaski, Va....Wallace Racine, Wisc....Richmond-Malvoin Richmond, Ind..., Davidson's Indiana Fur Richmond, Va....Miller-Rhodes Rochester, N. Y....Sibley, Lindsay-Curr Rochester, Pa....Adora Shop St. Louis, Mo... Stix Baer & Fuller St. Paul, Minn...The Golden Rule St. Petersburg, Fla....Ruth's Salisbury, Md.... Hess Apparel Salt Lake City, Utah... Auerbach's San Francisco, Calif....Joseph Magnin Scranton, Pa....Scranton D. G. Co. Seattle, Wash....Rhodes of Seattle Selma, Ala....Leon's Selma, Ala..., Leon's
Shawnee, Okla..., Greene's
Silver City, N. M..., Model Shop
Skokie, Ill..., Weil's Apparel
So. Burlington, Vt..., Rae's Suburban Shop
Syracuse, N. Y..., Flah's
Toledo, Ohio..., Lamson Bros.
Topeka, Kans..., Grayce Shop
Torrington, Conn..., Bronson King
Valdosta, Ga..., Whittingtons Inc.
Vincennes, Ind..., Esco Walk & Son Vincennes, Ind....Esco Walk & Son Washington, D. C....Woodward & Lothrop Williamsport, Pa....Worth's Wilmington, Del....Style Shop Worcester, Mass....C. T. Sherer Youngstown, Ohio...Strauss-Hirshberg

IN CANADA: Morgan's of Canada Hudson's Bay Co. Stores



For Spring in town ... combed cotton alpaca in charcoal grey, royal, black, or brown, tied with a bow of contrasting pure silk polka dots.10 to 20 \$14.95

Jerry Gilden, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.





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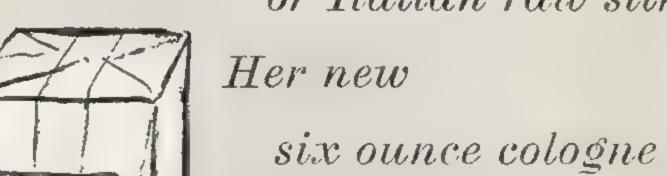


# Hattie Carnegie

front-peplum dress

in linear worsted, worsted checks

or Italian raw silk.



gift wrapped package with

24 Kt. gold plated atomizer-\$5.00.

Nan Duskin, philadelphia

Filene's, BOSTON Montaldo's



Playtime... Daytime... Gaytime...

Anytime

Put on the lavelingt drops in the real lavelingt...

Put on the loveliest dress in the world—and see its beauty fade, worn with the wrong bra or girdle. And, of course, different outfits make their own demands of your underfashions. The girdle that's a success with a suit can sabotage your cocktail dress. The bra that's wonderful for bowling just won't go to the theater with the same assurance! Formfit brings you styles for your daytime, playtime, and gaytime . . . to take you through your busy days beautifully. Choose a complete Formfit wardrobe for all your fashion needs today!



Free! "Your Figure Type—What to do About It." Send today for this informative Formfit booklet. Mailed in plain envelope. Write to The Formfit Company, Dept. F-55, 400 S. Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.





# More-taste-than-money preview: the redingote dress

First 1955 fashion in Vogue's semiannual collection (see pages 62-73) for the woman who wants smart-looking clothes with good-looking price tags: the dress with the close fit and flare of a redingote coat. It's grey linen-textured rayon—another way of saying its city-life extends from the first fine day till the first frost. By Carol Craig, in a Reltex fabric woven with Courtaulds rayon; white cotton overcollar, cuffs. \$18. Dress, Enger-Kress portfolio: Lord & Taylor. Dress, also at The Broadway. Sally V hat. Andrew Geller shoes, worn with Fine Feathers stockings. Scene: the new Fifth Avenue offices of the Manufacturers Trust Company.

PRESENTING SANDALETTE...

THE GREAT NEW DESIGN

CREATED BY D'ANTONIO.

HERE, FOR THE FIRST TIME —

A FOOT-REVEALING SHOE

THAT FITS... CLINGS...

SLENDERIZES... BEAUTIFIES!

THE COLLECTION INCLUDES

MANY STYLES. COLORS. MATERIALS.

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NEWYORK

WRITE FOR NAME OF STORE IN YOUR CITY:
ROBERN SHOE MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
826 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 3



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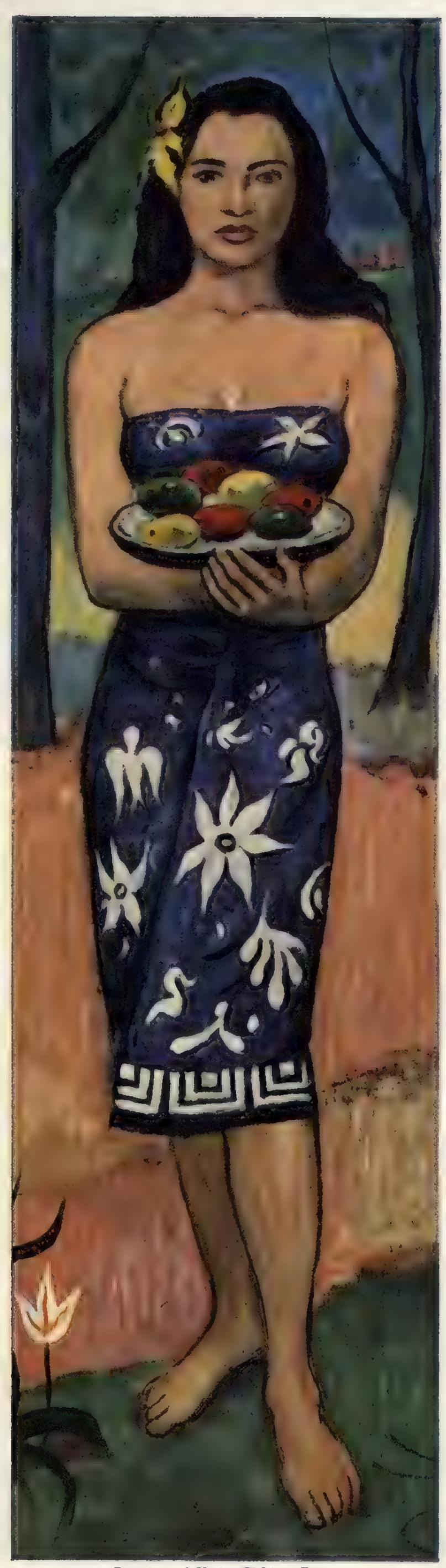
thora





Well-mannered **Du Pont Nylon** keeps these crisp embroidered bouffants ready for party after party! For nylon's good behavior is mother's pride and joy! It launders easily, needs little pressing, helps prevent mussing. Treat your little princesses (and yourself) to a party dress of nylon—one of Du Pont's modern-living fibers.





Painting of Native Girl in a Pareu

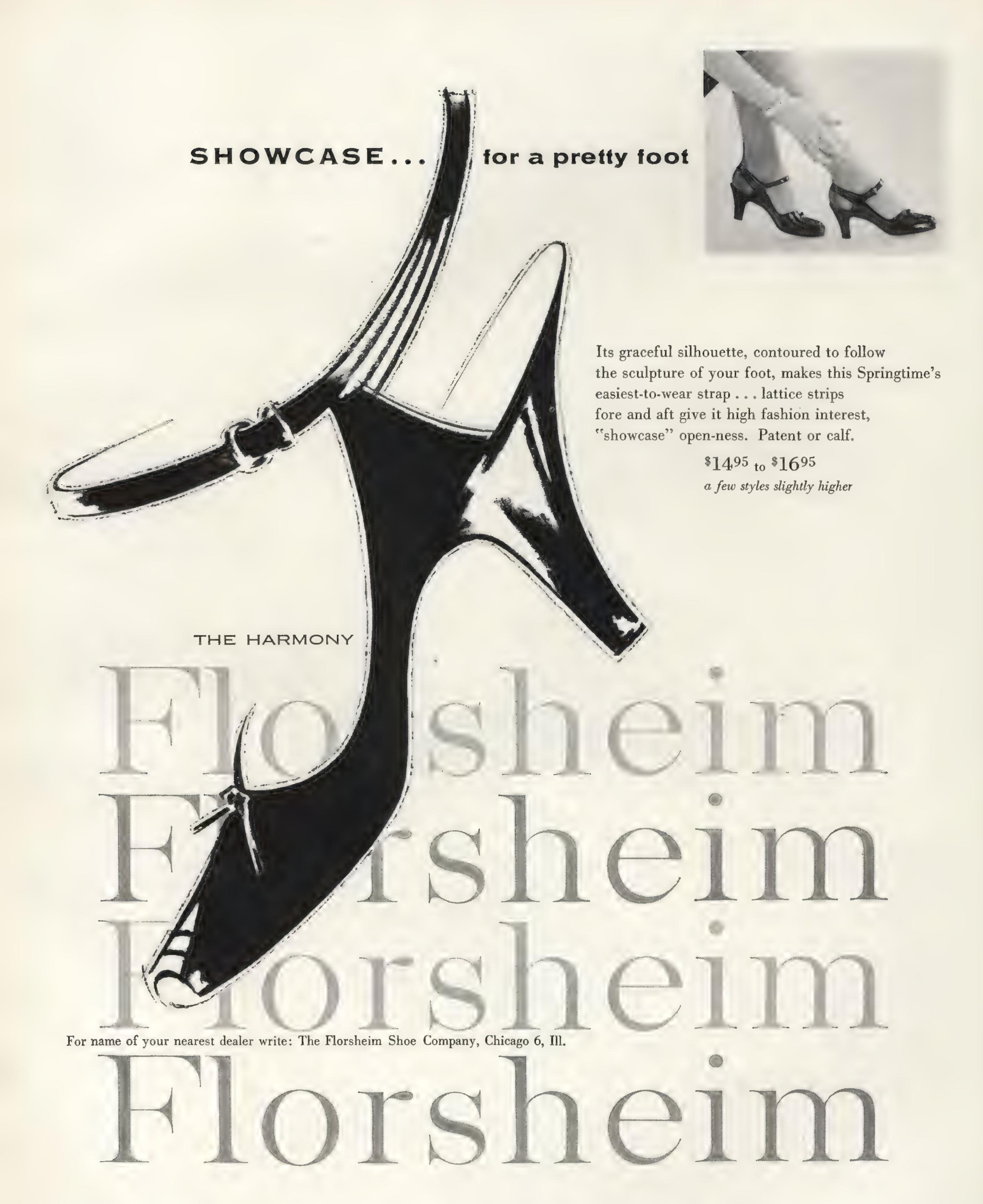


and Junior figures: girdle \$5.95
panty girdle\* \$6.95. Small, medium, large.

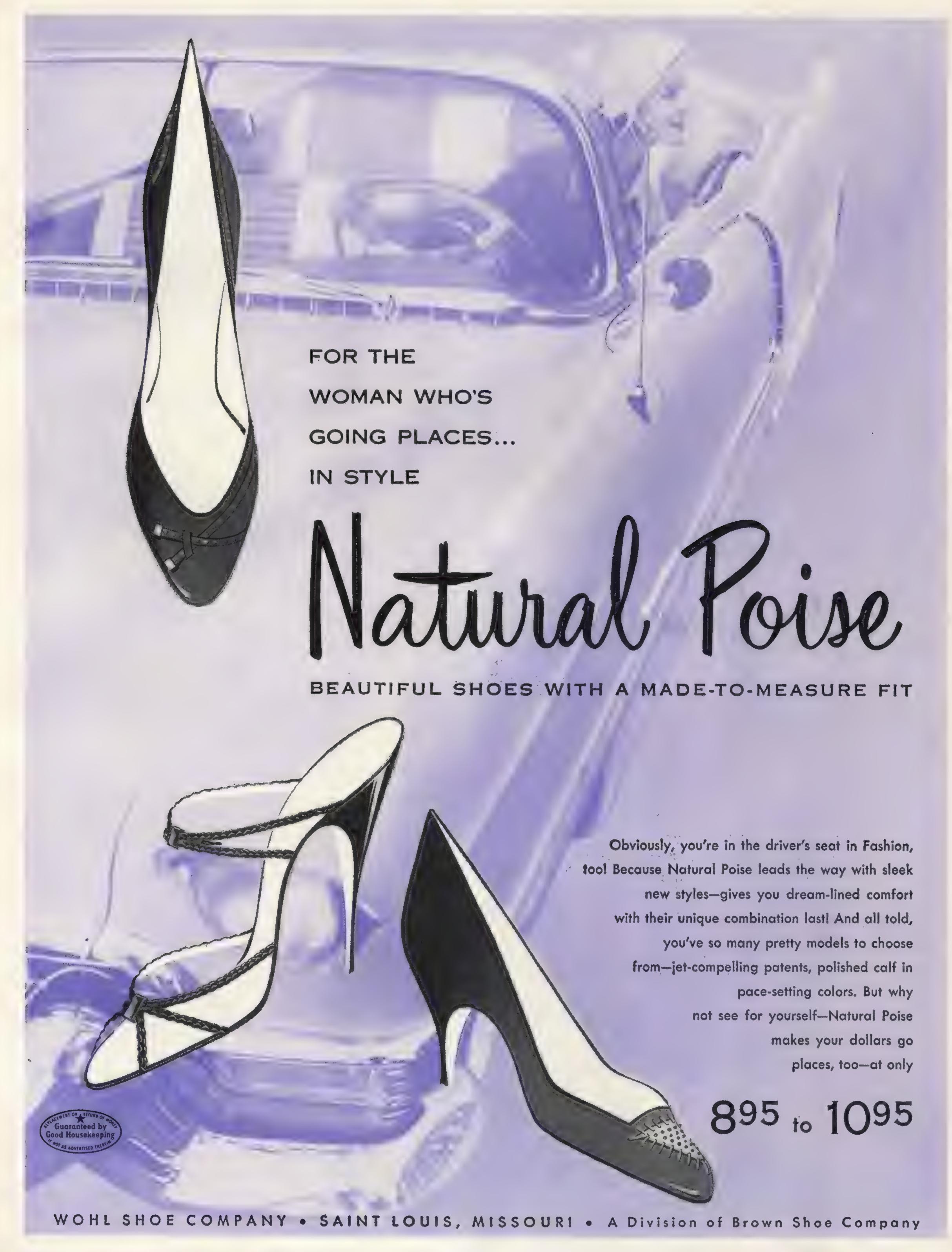
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FIG LAF

SHAMLESS STOCKINGS



# Discoveries in beauty

She's a beauty, you say. But often, you are wrong. Perhaps she is only very clever, very knowing about her assets, liabilities—and, most especially, about her make-up. Some women have a talent for beauty make-believe.

Others need to be shown. That's why Helena Rubinstein has, in her salon at 655 Fifth Avenue, a professional make-up man—who can turn you into a whole new you (if that's what you want) or certainly make you prettier (and who doesn't want that?).

Rod Barron's the name—and if you want a gala face to match a gala, he'll come to your house just before the wedding, or the ball, or your own party, or that fund-raising speech you're about to give.

The prices (and worth it, too) are \$25, individually;
\$10 each, for more than one person (as, for instance, a charity fashion show).

We hear that there's less and less honey available for
the breakfast croissant in France.

Seems the beekeepers are as busy as their bees,
concentrating on royal jelly. This is the powerful substance
the worker bees feed their Queen—
she becomes large and strong and beautiful,
and lives about fifty times longer than her slaves. No justice.

Orlane, the French cosmetic house, was the first to put royal jelly
in a complexion cream. They called it Crème à la Gelée Royale,
and are now exporting it here. (At Saks Fifth Avenue—\$15 plus tax.)

This cream is an unusual skin-pamperer;
freshens and brightens the complexion
remarkably, and no wonder. It is simply loaded with goodies:
proteins, nitrogen, sugar, phosphorus, and B-group vitamins.

Anyone who changes the colour of her hair

(and there are more such "anyones" every year)

knows that the touch-up is the tricky part. There should be
no overlapping of colour on the formerly-tinted hair, while treating
the newly grown-out hair. Clairol has now developed a new Cream Formula,
which is easily applied to the roots of the hair—and stays there.

No climbing out of place onto the already tinted hair shaft.

The new "Miss Clairol" is gentler, often more natural. At beauty salons only.

Ore re hair: a memo about the Breck Salon. They have a new man there who puts deep, marcel-type waves in hair—with, of all things, two combs and a hand-dryer. It's a speedy process—and the results last until the next shampoo. Works fine on straight hair—and is particularly becoming to women with grey or white hair: the waves are so precise and tidy. Also, newly-arrived in the same salon, the manicurist with a famously-faithful following—Mary Abels. And a reminder: the excellent scalp massage and hair treatments here; the way with a new coiffure that Breck is known for. (5 East 57th Street.)



# "TREND" the convenient ladies' hillfold



SINGLE POCKET . QUICK ACCESSIBILITY BOTH COINS AND BILLS



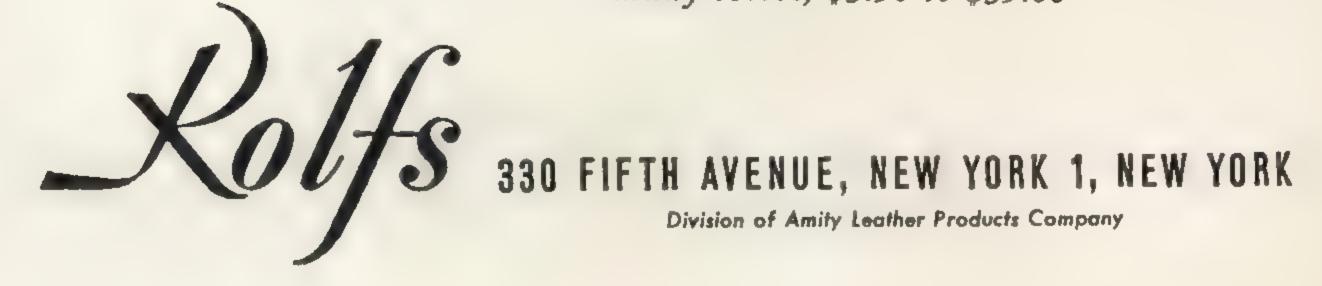


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MANY COLORS

at better stores everywhere

In other leathers—many colors, \$3.50 to \$35.00





There's a new twist to the wrist in

Kayser's wonderful shorties that hold Spring in
their grasp. The fabric, without peer: "Imperial 120
double-woven"... a combination of the very best cotton

Egypt and Sea Island have to offer. Any wonder
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white, black and many pastels. \$3.00





Morris Hessel, master furrier, surrounds you with whisper-soft luxury . . . silken, Natural Silverblue Mink . . . splendid skins in a regal cape at this surprisingly modest price.

Choice Mink Coats, capes, stoles and jackets in every wanted shade and style, await your inspection in our Complete Designer Collection:

Unconditional, 10-day, money-back guarantee on Hessel Furs.

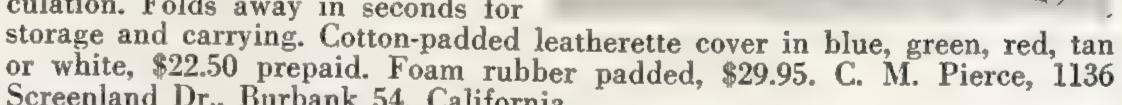
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till 8. Free Parking at 238 W. 29th.



#### THE BOARD AND THE BEAUTIFUL

Here's a new slant on beauty, health and relaxation that is approved by medical authorities and beauty experts. The Pierce Slanting Board is scientifically angled to give new beauty while you relax. Look better, feel better. Just a few minutes a day on a Pierce Slanting Board relieves tension, fatigue, and stimulates circulation. Folds away in seconds for



Screenland Dr., Burbank 54, California.

#### WASHABLE DACRON PILLOW



KING SIZE 22" x 28" NYLON covered PILLOW in dainty wild rose print on Pink, \$ 195 Bive, Yellow & White background. Moth, mildew & allergy proof, too! Washes & dries in a jiffy.....

#### MATCHING WASHABLE COMFORTERS

plumply filled in Dacron . . . cuddly \$1 295 warm, light in weight. Exquisitely quilted . . . won't wilt or mat down. KING cut size, 72" x 90" . . .

GIANT cut size, 80" x 90" .....\$16.95 P.P.

COMFORTS — PILLOWS RECOVERED Guaranteed by our Seal of Satisfaction Write for Free Samples & Booklet "'Y"



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Or If Your Toes Hurt in Front The Newest and Cutest Stunt . . . is to wear JANIES, the Patented, cushioned "Inside Platforms".

Because when your FEET SLIDE FOR-WARD toes protrude in open shoes, hurt in closed shoes, heels slip, straps gape, insteps cut! New Improved JANIES help CONTROL GRAVITY, correct these painful, ugly conditions. give HEAVENLY COMFORT, ADD TO FOOT BEAUTY!

New JANIES are effective in closed or open shoes with high, midway, flat, or wedgie heels! JANIES will double the useful life of your shoes, SAVING YOU TEN TIMES THE COST OF JANIES!

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Remember, New JANIES will help change an AWKWARD HOBBLE into a GRACEFUL WALK!

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### AY TO DRY Your HAIR In 5 to 10 Minutes!



Now you can set your hair anytime—in the morning, or before going out-and take it down wonderfully dry less than 15 minutes later! Simply slip a Minute Hair Dryer over your wet hair. Fit the other end to your HAND HAIR DRYER or your VACUUM CLEANER. Warm air gently flows thru ALL your hair-dries it quickly, evenly, thoroughly. No more uncomfortable blast of hot air in just one spot at a time. Save on beauty parlor bills. Washable broadcloth. Order a few extra for friends. Mail cash, check or money order to:

guaranteedi The WELD company, Dept. V, 505 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



## SHOP

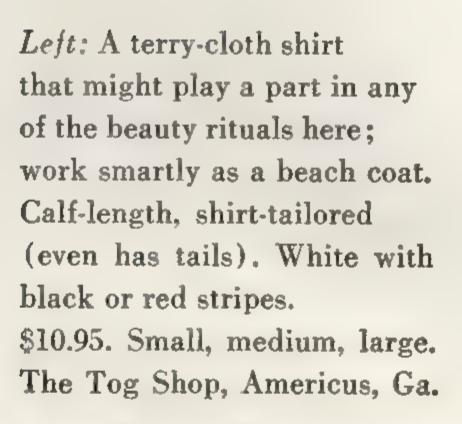


Right: Best time to have a beauty treatment—anytime, we think. Nighttime's one of the easiest: this applies then. "Eyeline" cream, to wear while you sleep, helps erase little webs that form around eyes while you're awake. Lejon Frères, 37 N. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Right: A look that looks polished and soft at the same timecoiffure, parted on one side, waved gently back to the ears, then turned under all around. It'll stay that way for days. Werner & Charles of Switzerland. who also have a salon for men (specialty: scalp treatment). 16 West 57th St., New York 19.

Right: It's established now ... that coiffures tend to look longer, have defined shape. This one has softness at the sides, appears very detailed. Actually, it's smooth, close to the head in back, and is well-disciplined. By Michel of Paris (still the only 4-minute blond-streak man in town) 11 West 56th St., New York 19.

Right: A wastebasket that's had a beauty treatment, too. Covered with felt (any colour you choose), it's decorated here with fake pearls and velvet ribbon. Others in the same series have black or gilt ornaments. \$15 ppd. Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th St., New York 22.











## HOUND

... beauty appointments

Right: A coiffure that appears to be longer than it is. Curls turn under at the sides, move toward the centre in back. It has a definite shape (that's what's wanted now). Jean de Chant. Other news there: re-styling, shampoo, set-\$5. 9 West 56th St., New York 19.





Left: A well-behaved coiffure next step on the way away from short, tossed coiffures. At the front, this one is set towards the face; at the back, the hair at the crown and neck is brushed in opposite directions. The crisscross effect is soft, uncomplicated. C. Leonce, 9 East 53rd St., N. Y. 22.



Left: For? For everyone. Fingernail-grooming equipment like this ought to be standard household equipment, within reach of man, woman, and child. (The latter to enjoy the joys of buffer and clear powder polish, particularly.) The set, encased in plastic, \$2. Mad Products, 1217th Ave., N.Y. 11.



Left: For a busy young woman with short hair and scant time to set her own hair between appointments—a coiffure. short and smooth, to fit like a little cap. This or any other cut, set (and shampoo of course), guaranteed to take only 55 minutes at lunchtime. François of Paris, 37 West 8th St., New York 11.



Left: Kept under glass—shells, pearls, rhinestone starfish, on a sea-bed of marbleized grey paper. This, a useful tray (15" x 20", with a 2" gold-painted gallery); it could also be a table-top in a bedroom or dressing room, to hold bottles and jars. \$27.50 postpaid. The Red Box, Westbury, Long Island.



#### NEW! LADIES' ELECTRIC RAZOR, \$3.95



Scientifically designed and tested ladies' electric razor for year 'round quick, easy dryshaving comfort. Keeps legs and underarms petal-soft and smooth twice as long! Cannot cut or irritate; no coarse regrowth, Powerful, AC, self-sharpening double head. Attractively boxed, leatherette travel case. A beauty necessity at only \$3.95, ppd., complete. Immediate delivery, money-back guarantee. Check or M.O. to Mrs. Fields Shopping Service, Dept. V2B, 237 Huguenot St., New Rochelle, N. Y.



New Bleuette Bra\* lifts you and holds you in today's glamorous high lines with natural grace, absolute comfort! Just made for special occasions

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Size A, B or C. Pkg. of 2 prs. \$2.25 postpaid made exclusively by

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### Showing your age?

Helena Rubinstein brings you 3 sure ways to look younger!

Take the word of world-renowned beauty authority, Helena Rubinsteinyou can subtract many a year from your appearance with today's scientific discoveries.



#### **DROOPY CHIN?**

A clean-cut chin and profile make a woman look much younger. Amazing new CONTOUR-LIFT FILM does just that! It "lifts," tones and tightens contours, smooths out puffiness. Perfect under make-up, also an invisible beauty builder at night. 3.00, 5.00.



#### WRINKLES?

Keep your age your own secret with ESTROGENIC HORMONE CREAM. This scientific youthifier helps subsurface skin retain its precious moisture, fills out age-betraying lines and wrinkles. Use nightly to replenish natural hormones that are depleted by age. 3.50.



#### CROW'S-FEET?

EYE CREAM SPECIAL is a specially refined cream for the very delicate tissue around the eyes. It smooths out and softens fatigue lines, wrinkles and crow's-feet. 1.00, 2.00, 3.50.

Give your eyes a younger look-enhance your lashes with WATERPROOF MASCARA. Only Helena Rubinstein has this exclusive formula that won't smudge or streak. 1.10. All prices plus tax.

### VOGUE'S SCHOOL & CAMP DIRECTORY

For advice: write Vogue's School & Camp Bureau, 420 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 17, or call LE 2-7500

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Girls 7-15. 400 acres Berkshire Country. Small groups. Riding a specialty; good horses & entertaining ponies; driving too. Swimming, tennis, crafts, music, camperaft. Inclusive camp fee. Open all year; winter sports. Elsie V. Powell, Old Chatham, N. Y.

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WINTHROP, MAINE Seventy-five girls 6-16. Horseback riding and water sports. Modern camp homes, Numerous trips. Many electives. Address: Mr. & Mrs. F. V. Penley, Directors, 76 Newport Ave., West Hartford, Connecticut.

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The Horseback Camps of Vermont. A glorious summer of riding, fun, adventure! Water sports, golf, tennis, archery. Dramatics, crafts. Trips. \$375-\$475. no extras. Outfit may be rented. Booklet (give age). C. A. Roys, 38 Ordway Rd., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

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"One of America's finest camps." Free daily riding for every girl. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, trail riding, jumping optional. Sailing, racing tactics. Water skiing. Special acting group and theatre. Tennis, golf, riflery, archery, crafts, swimming, trips. 150 selected girls. One tuition covers all. Book. HRIS let. Give age. "Complete and different camp."



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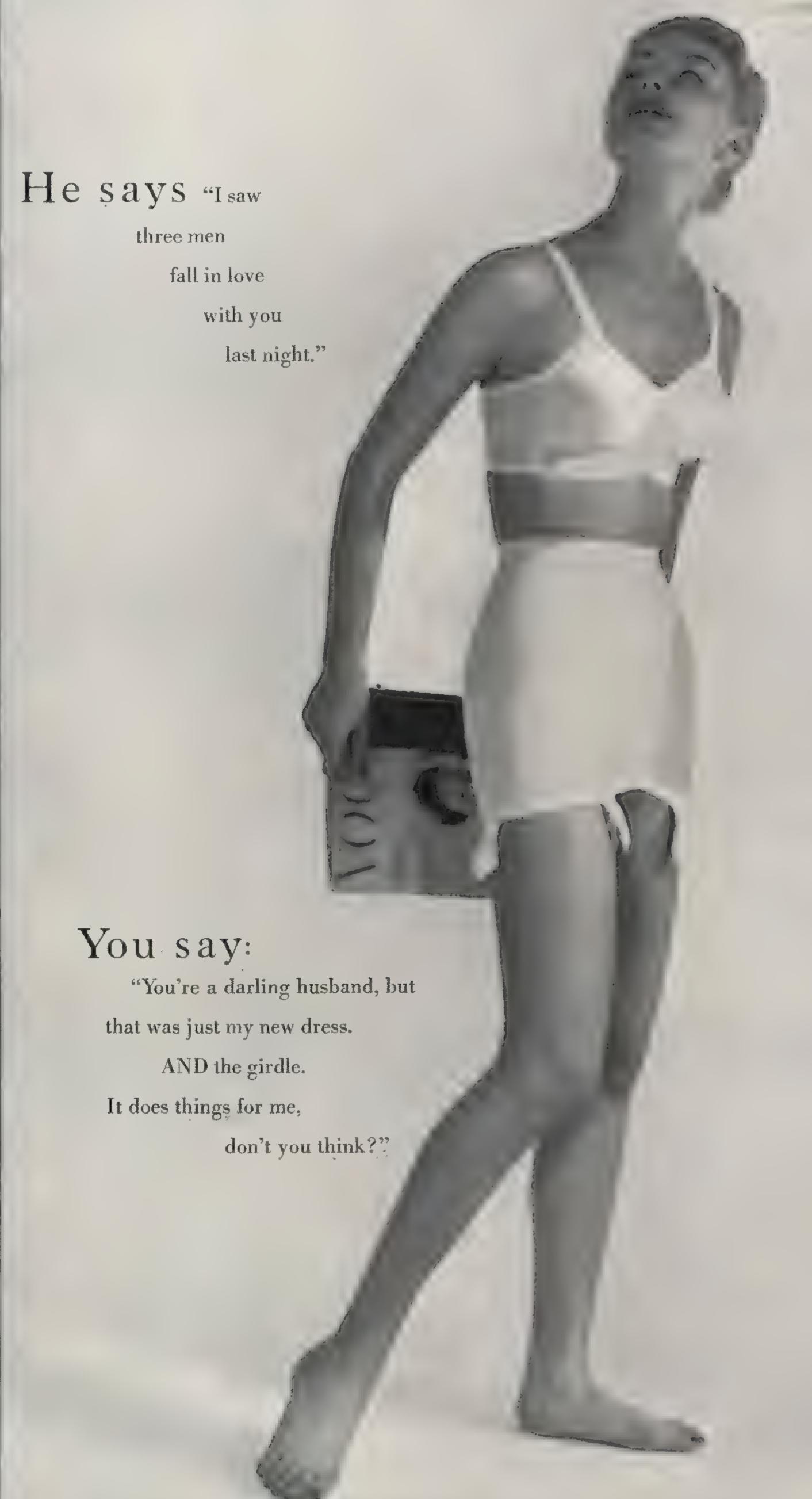
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The way you look when you're loved...

Being loved makes you feel beautiful—like Manon Lescaut, Mona Lisa, and a May morning, all in one! You light up, and the world lights with you. Suddenly the nicest things happen. All the arts of beauty and fashion aim to emulate that look of being loved. (Because this is the look that finds love faster than anything in the world.) You will see that America's great fashion collections this Spring are designed to make you seem taller, slighter, more feminine. Beneath these gentled fashions are the moulders of beauty; the Warner foundations which do for your body what the loved look does for your face. They make a bad figure look good, and a good figure look sensational. Lightly but firmly, they draw the longer narrower line of Spring, 1955. To see some of these Spring fashions, and their gracefully crafted foundations, turn the

next 5 pages s-l-o-w-l-y. Warner's





It's Warner's newest Le Gant, which makes your torso seem longer and slimmer, being easy on the waist, but firm about hips—like the new clothes. Made entirely of the soft, strong-willed power elastic we knit ourselves, which keeps its fit forever. #794 in White. \$12.50. Bra #2186, \$3.95. C Soft, young, very new looking, your long-jacketed Ben Zuckerman suit emphasizes the new dropped waist with a low tab closing.

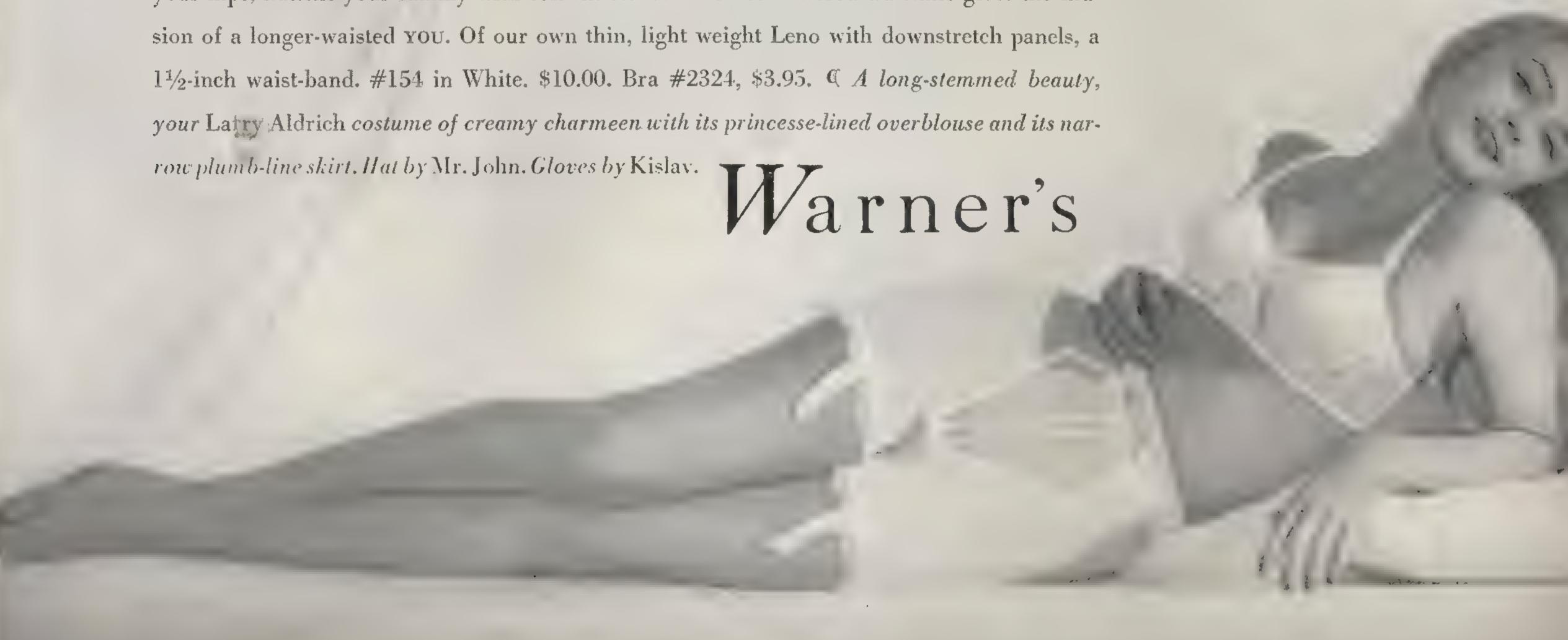
Warner's

He says "I don't know whether I should sit opposite so I can look at you. or sit beside you to be closer."



You say: "That awful problem again..."

Well, if you will look so svelte in your new pantie girdle! It's Warner's pull-on, that slicks your hips, flattens your tummy with soft insistence. The new lowered waistline gives the illu-1½-inch waist-band. #154 in White. \$10.00. Bra #2324, \$3.95. A long-stemmed beauty,





He says "You're the only woman in town who gets better steak than the butcher's wife."



You Say: "Believe me, sweetie,

I take pains

to look

my very best when

I go to the butcher's!"

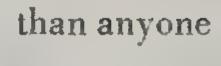
Your figure is the new figure of fashion in Warner's all-elastic corselette: a longer waist, high, nicely moulded bust.

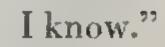
Its nylon power net is a skin-twin for flexibility, but has a whim of iron about smoothing you into one long lean line. #3411 in black or white. \$29.50. C Adele Simpson circles you with grosgrain about the hips to focus all eyes on the long lovely line between. Superbly shaped of silk crepe. Hat by Mr. John.

Warner's all-elastic corselette: a longer waist, high, nicely moulded bust.

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He says "You get more traffic tickets and fewer fines







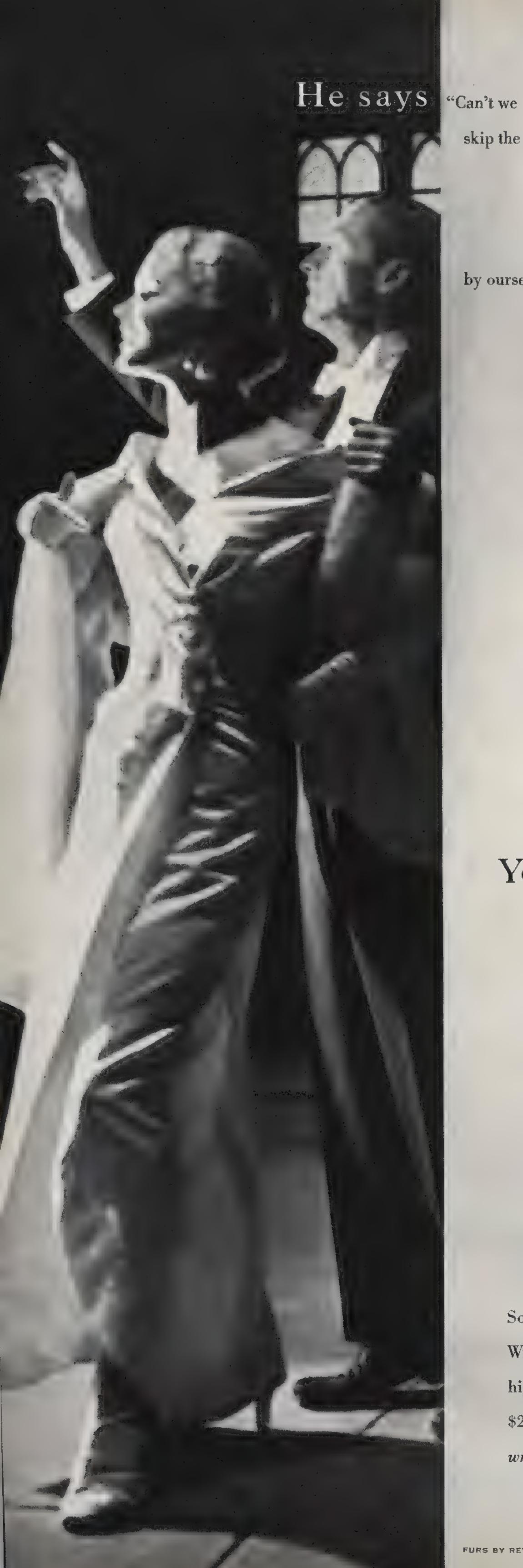


You say: "We-e-ll,

I always seem to appear before a keen judge of figures."



The bosom is raised, the hips smoothed by Warner's new Merry Widow. It's freed at the waist, lower at the back and sides, to carve Spring's longer-lined figure. #1316, in nylon lace and elasticized marquisette. Black or White, \$16.50. C Silvery organza moulded to your new long-drawn torso as only Ceil Chapman does it. Note how the leafappliqued skirt breaks into fullness just where the Merry Widow ends. Warner's



skip the party and go dancing by ourselves?" You say: "Darling, you say the nicest things ..."

So, off you go, narrow as an arrow in Warner's newest Merry Widow corselette. Without high-pressuring you, it holds you firmly to a slender continuous line from high bosom to sleek thigh. Observe the new easy-going waistline. #3316, in White. \$27.50. The longest look of all, your siren sheath by Nanty of soft white silk, wrapping you close in an aura of elegance.

Warner's newest Merry Widow corselette.

For list of stores carrying all Warner Foundations shown, see page 114.

FURS BY REVILLON . JEWELS BY TRIFARI...

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# INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British

I. S. V.-PATCEVITCH, Publisher



never-before red spring suit, and it's the first in a series of spring reds in this issue. Shape here? Shaped in a Jasco wool jersey knitted like hopsacking. Costume, including the tucked white chiffon blouse, by Anthony Blotta, about \$235. Gunther Jaeckel; Nan Duskin; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros. The belongings? Very consequential (see page 45). White felt cloche by Emme. White pigskin gloves by Superb. Diamond, gold, and ruby jewels from Cartier. The lipstick, a deliberately unmatching red: Schiaparelli's bright fuchsia "Radiance."

COVER: More than a fashion, an announcement—the

BLUMENFELD

### FASHION

45 Vogue's eye view of the half-bought suit

the red that covers everything

46-57 Spring red—complete instructions in black and white Red spring coats; red spring checks; late-day red; evening red; the red spring suit;

More taste than money fashions, more fashion per dollar:

More success per dress; more interest per costume;

more smartness per suit;

more variety per wardrobe; more fashion per coat

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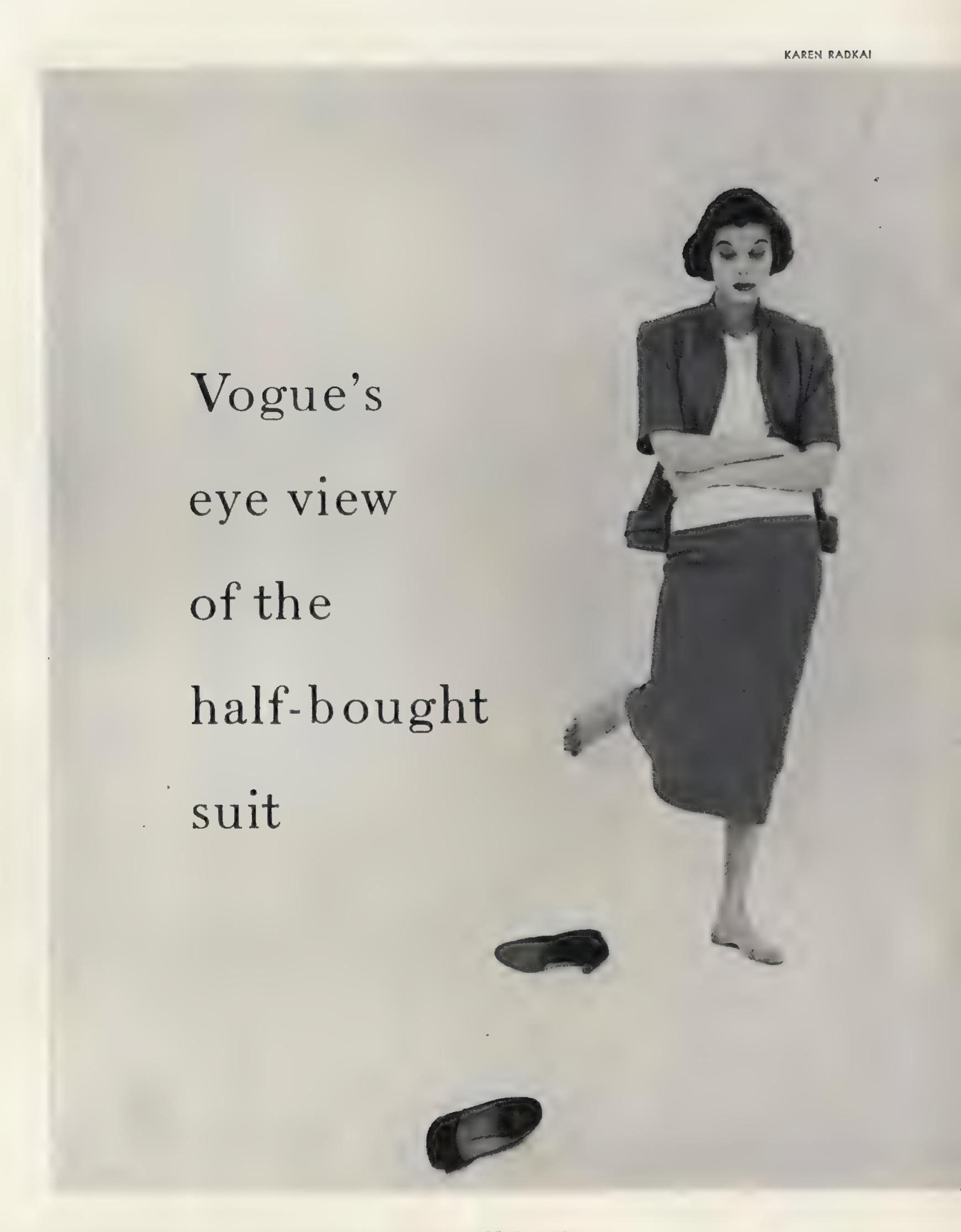
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LATEST PERFUME SUCCESS BY CARON



Recognize this suit? We hope not—we think that even Agatha Christie herself wouldn't realize that this is the same red suit that's shown on the cover. That's because, although it's a most important new piece of fashion property, it's still only half-owned here: it still doesn't have title to a hemline, hat, bag, make-up, glove, or shoe—and that's where one of the most telling of fashion processes goes on, and where there's no substitute for good fashion information.

For instance, this spring, this hem, for this woman, is due to be chalked an inch-and-a-half shorter. This spring, although there are many hats, bags, gloves, shoes from which to choose, this is the smartest choice with a red suit: black and white accessories.

And, the smartest lipstick: a deliberately unmatching shade—coral, pink-violet, brilliant fuchsia. Then when the suit's been jewelled and scented, integrated with wardrobe life in general, it's smartest of all, in the financial as well as the fashion-sense, because then it's fully owned and fully operating....

Half-bought, even the bargain of a lifetime ends up as just a hanger cover.

VOGUE, FEBRUARY 15, 1955



# spring red

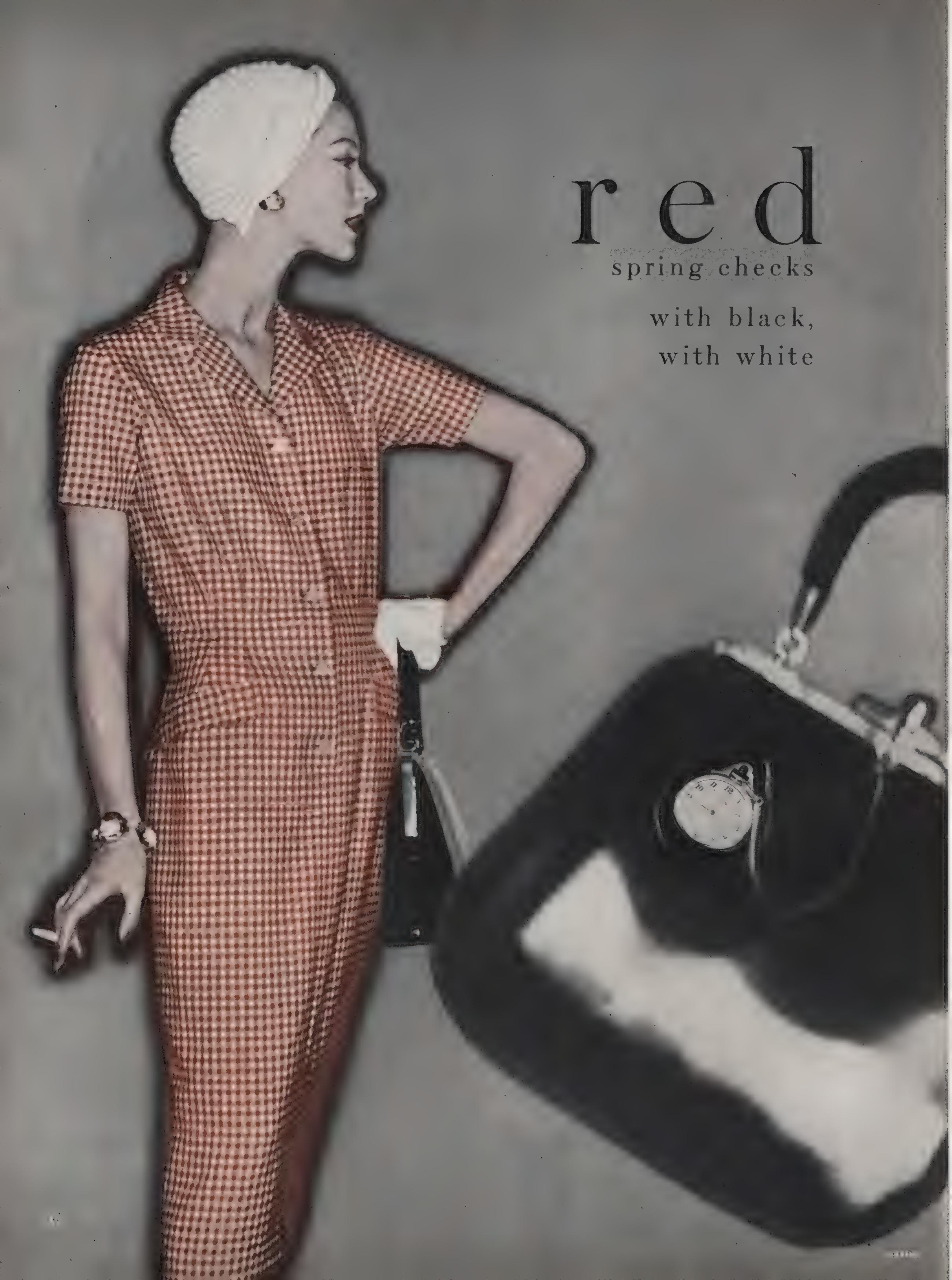
complete instructions in black and white

Did we say red for spring? No we didn't say it, we pealed it. Because red for spring is more than a fashion it's an event. It's the colour that has swept like wildfire through the spring collections, in suits, coats, and dresses. What's wonderful about it is that it's so wonderfully becoming—clear, clean, new, and smart as paint (red). But red isn't the whole news, because it isn't the whole costume. The news is red with black-and-white. Or with matte white. Or with shiny black. It's red and white checks. Red with white flower headpieces. Red with black patent leather. And red with what else? With pale stockings, pale, cool skin tones. Here and on the next ten pages: the happy new fashion for red (the original glad-rag maybe?). On these two pages: A sleekly soft dress of seed-stitch wool knit. Nothing to it—except everything: sensitive shaping, clear colour, easy movement. By Ben Reig, about \$165. Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Her hat, directly left (also shown large on this page), rays of black and white straw. This, by Christian Dior-New York. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Her bareback shoes: of black Seton patent leather, by Pappagallo. Patent leather bag by Milch. The hat shown far left: straw, black and white latitudes. At John Frederics; L. S. Ayres.











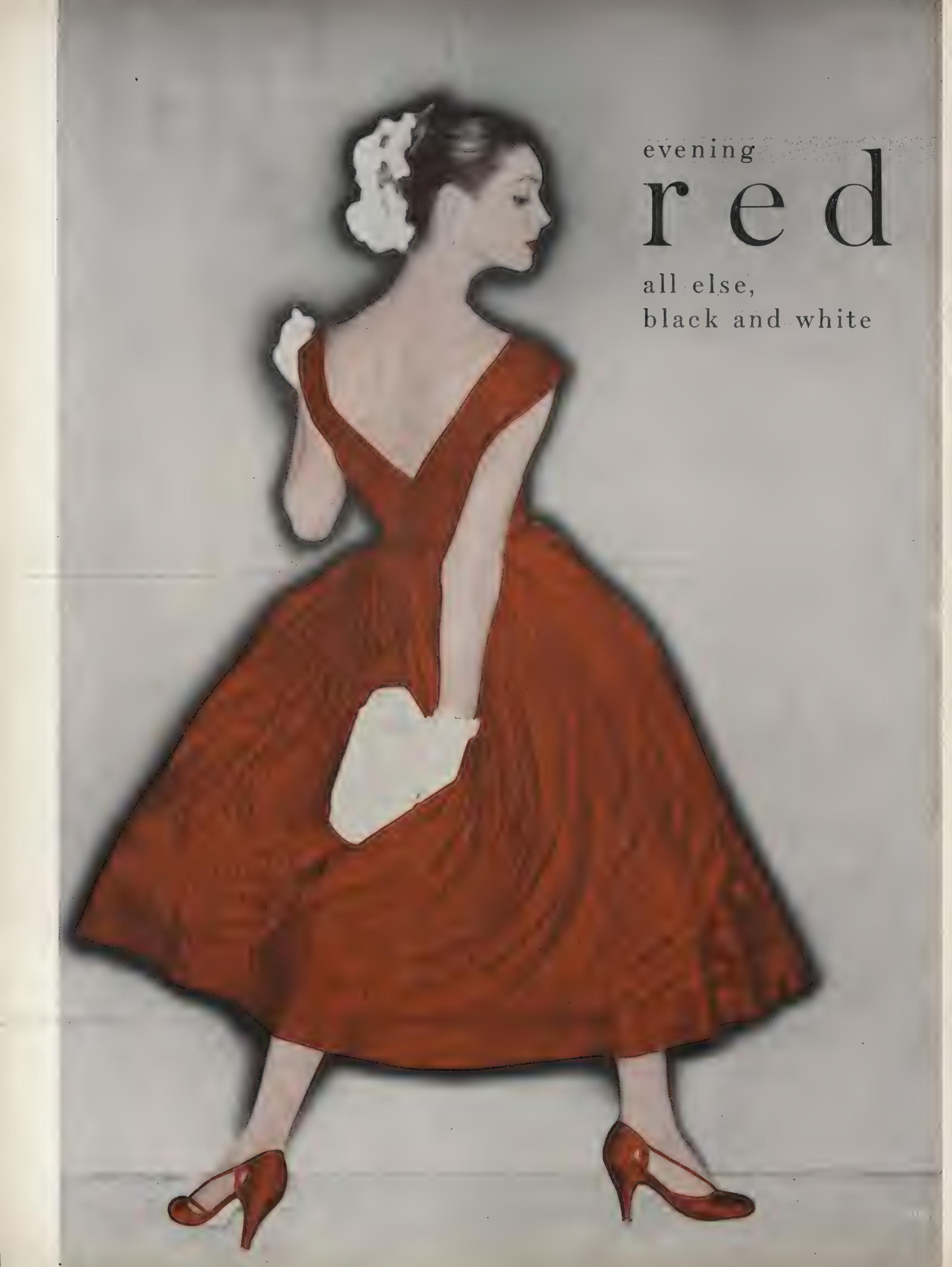


# late-day C

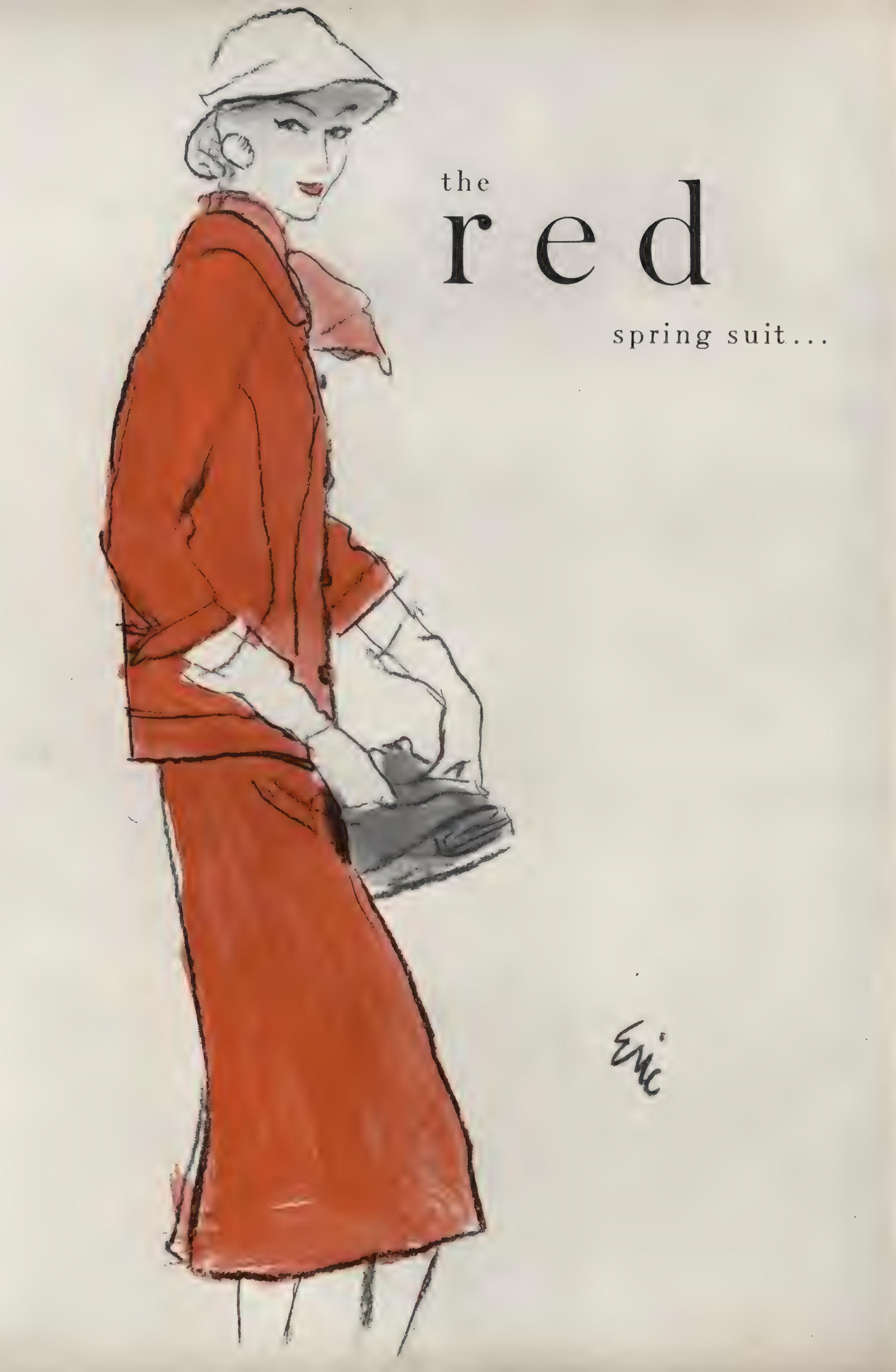
with white flowers in the picture

The dress, both pages: Red raw-silk organdie, bound to look deliciously bright and fresh against all late-day backgrounds (restaurant mirrors, gentlemen's suitings, theatre lobbies). The shape, one of those deceptively known as "simple," is almost a shirtwaist; has a small, flawless collar, deftly lowered waist, and that's all. . (And that does it.) By Larry Aldrich, about \$110. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. The flowered headdresses: wearable enchantments that fasten on with a comb and weigh nothing. Both, by Adolpho at Emme. Other accessories in the picture: At right, red satin bag by Koret, red satin slippers by Newton Elkin, worn with skin-tone seamless sandalfoot stockings by Hanes. At left, all white-beaded bag by Josef, glittering rhinestones by Weiss. These accessories from Lord & Taylor.











# PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...The Pescadores, those small islands in the Formosa Straits, now of enormous importance in the U.S. Far Eastern policy....The profundities of Bruno Walter's recordings of Brahms....The movie, Prince of Players, which at moments seems like a January clearance sale of Shakespearean scenes and at other moments allows Richard Burton as Edwin Booth to give remarkably polished readings of Romeo, Hamlet, and Richard III....The Stock Market and why....The thirty-five-cent Pocket Book anthology of The Golden Trashery of Ogden Nashery, with such delectable but not necessarily famous bits as "Tiger, tiger, my mistake;/I thought that you were William Blake," along with, "Some people choose to wonder about virtue and others about crime,/But I choose to wonder how babies manage to pass the time."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The card game, "Calypso," a eugenic marriage between canasta and bridge.... Cinerama Holiday with its only smashing scene a New Orleans funeral procession winding through the old Lafayette Cemetery to the stirring counterpoint of hot jazz by the "Jolly Bunch Social and Pleasure Club" whose banner says just that... The amusing lion in The Flowering Peach, a gentle play about Noah's Ark in which most of the passengers go slightly stir-crazy.... The hobby of corpse-watching Tv's mystery plays in which the under-rehearsed corpse often gets up and strolls away without realizing that the cameras are still pointing.... The fascination with which London newspaper readers follow the offbeat advertisements of a house-agent named Brooks who specializes in truth and unpredictable geniality—he ended an ad with "Applications entertained from the right sort of Yahoo."... Very Much Alive, the curiously healthy book by young Terry McAdam in which he tells of the civilian accident that made him a paraplegic, of his eleven months in Paraplegic Ward 5, and his return (with brace, wheel chair, and special automobile) to his wife and his job as Assistant to the President of Washburn University.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...Herbert von Karajan, a rather baroque, thin conductor, here with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra on his first U.S. visit; at forty-six he is one of the greatest conductors, tense, brilliant with the catalytic quality which makes an orchestra play its heart out.... The way Londoners, worn with caffé espresso places, say, "Can't we find an ordinary cup of coffee in an ordinary café?"... The finely whittled boredom of Sandy Wilson's whimsey, This is Sylvia, a book about a cat which has a Siamese friend, "Get Yû," and numbers among the other friends and enemies some thinly disguised parodies of Edith Sitwell, Gertrude Stein, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Hedda Hopper, and Marlon Brando... The Eric Sevareid Sunday CBS-TV broadcasts which often turn into quite remarkable short informal essays, neither breezy nor pundity... The new phrase for taking matters lightly, "don't tussle."



1923: Milstein (right) with the pianist Vladimir Horowitz (left) and the Russian composer Glazunov, photographed after a benefit for Glazunov. Explained Milstein: "Then he could buy beer."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... NATHAN MILSTEIN who is celebrating twenty-five years of concert playing in this country, a celebration which happily comes just as everyone seems to be realizing freshly his strong musicianship, always known, but also his powerful projection of emotion, the purity of his tone, his way of making old violin warhorses seem colts again. Milstein offstage has a sudden, staggering charm, direct and unflamboyant, lighted from behind with realism and humour. At fifty, he looks an unlined forty, solidly put together, with a broad Slav face, a point of straight dark hair, and brown eyes with a range of expression rare since the end of the silent film. Born in Odessa, Milstein grew up in pre-1917 Russia, saw the Revolution and the early days of the Soviet. In his late teens, under the grisly banner "Children of the Revolution," he often appeared on the same program with Chekhov's nephew, Michael, and with his friend Vladimir Horowitz, whose career as a pianist has closely paralleled Milstein's as a violinist. Both made an early impression with the concertos of Glazunov, then a director of the Imperial Conservatory at St. Petersburg. Later, when the Glazunov family fortune was destroyed by the Revolution, his friends arranged a benefit, the proceeds to supplement Glazunov's meagre academic rations (see photo above). As "Children of the Revolution," Horowitz and Milstein had fancy official certificates permitting them to "make musical propaganda" abroad, an arrangement which eventually enabled them to escape to Paris and then to the U.S., where they stayed. Although he firmly refuses invitations for concerts behind the Iron Curtain, Milstein has played almost everywhere else, including Japan, of which he says exuberantly, "A wonderful country...they sit on those small seats and they cry...the violin irritates them, I think; that's why they cry."

58 VOGUE, FEBRUARY 15, 1955

# NATHAN MILSTEIN



# "THE ONE I LOVE THE BEST"

# By Ludwig Bemelmans

Editor's note: Ludwig Bemelmans has written a memoir, a pastiche, an odd and enchanting blend of humour and admiration, astonishment and delight, describing his friendship with Elsie, Lady Mendl, from their meeting in 1944 until her death.

"She weighed about ninety pounds without her jewels, and when I met her she was ninety years old," he begins; by the time he finishes, we have a full-length portrait—built up gradually, in tiny pointillist dots—of the woman who as Elsie de Wolfe had been a popular actress (Ethel Barrymore was once her understudy); who was one of the first, and perhaps the most successful of all interior decorators; who then, as Lady Mendl, became one of the legendary hostesses of her time, an international symbol of luxury, elegance, and taste, yet took a sturdy satisfaction in the fact that "she was self-made, she was American."

They met during the war, in Hollywood, where Lady Mendl and her husband, Sir Charles Mendl, were living in not-too-arduous exile from their house in France. Lady Mendl had sent a note round to Mr. Bemelmans' hotel, inviting him to call. This excerpt from his book, To the One I Love the Best, to be published soon by Viking, begins with his arrival at Lady Mendl's house.

Benedict Canyon Drive in Beverly Hills, looking for a place called "After All." The number of the house is 1018. In this latitude, it would be too much to expect that a house whose interior is baroque would have an exterior to match. So 1018 is California Spanish on the outside. In front is a large sanded place to park—it looks as if a party were taking place, about a dozen cars are parked close to the house.

The arriving guest is protected against the occasional California dew by a porte-cochère and green and white striped canvas storm curtains. Through a green foyer I enter the house and turn right to go into the salon; the interior is like that of the castle in Nymphenburg. The room is empty, there is no party, the cars belong to Lady Mendl's hairdresser, to Dr. Hauser, to the manicurist, to Sir Charles Mendl, to the florist, and to a very special electrician by the name of Mr. Nightingale, who tells me all this as he is busy lighting a small menagerie of crystal animals in a glass *vitrine*.

The butler approaches with tremendous aplomb and says: "Lady Mendl will be with you in a minute."

Even if we only know a person from what we read and hear, we form a definite opinion.

I had in mind designed Lady Mendl exactly as she was. There are statues of saints in Latin countries, especially in Spain, the most beautiful in Seville, that are carried about the city at night during Holy Week. They move a little stiffly on floats, borne on the backs of penitents, and in the lights of hundreds of candles. They are loaded with jewels, in silver robes; they have flowers of silver in their hair; men with silver trumpets precede them, and the Spanish increase the mortification of the penitents by throwing glowing cigar and cigarette butts in their path.

As she came towards me, this mood of things Spanish

and church was in the room, but only for the eye and the moment, for as she advanced further, she changed completely. She had on a severe black dress made by Mainbocher, with a gold fob at the side as the only decoration. Her legs were like those of a little girl, and well shod, in low-heeled black shoes that a ballerina might wear. She stuck her gloved hands in two pockets and with her chin she motioned to a white couch on which were three pillows, in deep sea-green satin, with letters embroidered in white silk.

The first pillow read: "It takes a stout heart to live without roots." On the second was: "Never explain, never complain," and on the third: "Who rides a tiger can never descend." We sat down. On the right was an onyx fireplace, and on the mantel stood an exquisite small coral-red clock, the only object in this room not white, silver or green. We faced a vast mirror, oxidized, and fogged with age.

She looked at me in this mirror (most of our conversations took place via this mirror), and she said:

"Stevie, I have very clear eyes. I have second sight, and instant recognition! We will be very good friends, you and I, such good friends, that when Mother talks to you, it will be as if she talked to herself."

She leaned against me, took my arm, and continuing to talk to me and looking into the mirror, she said:

"Mother has invented a cocktail, made of gin and grape-fruit juice and Cointreau. It sounds revolting, but try it, you may like it, but if you don't, just tell Mother, and you can have anything else you want. Never take anything you don't want. I'm a wanter, and so are you—I know you very well. You and I, we live by the eye and that's why we are friends."

The butler passed a tray with the Lady Mendl cocktails on it. She watched my face in the mirror as I tasted it, and she said to the butler:

"Take it away and bring him a Scotch and soda," which was precisely what I wanted.

"But you like this room, Stevie? There is nothing in it that offends you?"

I don't know why she called me Stevie, probably because a war was going on with Germany and she didn't like the Teutonic "Ludwig."

"Stevie, listen to Mother. I was born in an ugly house, in an ugly street, the last of five children. I was told that I was ugly by my parents, by both of them, and the furniture in that house was ugly too, and I always got the dark meat of the chicken. I made myself like it, the dark meat, but that's the only thing I compromised on; 'For the rest,' I said, looking into that very clear, cruel mirror in my room, 'if I am ugly, and I am, I am going to make everything around myself beautiful. That will be my life. To create beauty! And my friends will be those who create beauty'—and I have held to that every day of my life.

"And beautiful things are faithful friends, and they stay beautiful, they become more beautiful as they get older. My lovely house, my lovely garden—I could steal for beauty, I could kill for it."

A new transformation had gone on. She now had the sharp profile of Voltaire. She kicked me in the ribs with her elbow and cried: "Ha! Vulgarity marches on like a plague, and everything is getting cold and ugly."

The butler passed with cocktail food.

"Mother is free tonight, Stevie, would you take her to dinner? I eat very frugally and I hardly drink."

A maid brought a very carefully groomed miniature poodle.

"This is Mr. Bemelmans," said Mother, "one of the family"—introducing me to the dog—"and this is Blue Blue."

Blue Blue had no interest in me, he sat down and stared, immobile as a chameleon in a tree. Mother said: "Dear Blue Blue! He went and bit the wheels of the car, the last time we left Paris—he knew how I hated to leave. I have a house in Versailles, the Villa Trianon, and I was almost done decorating it when the Germans came.

"Speaking of the villa—only yesterday a little souvenir arrived from there, a little part of its glory—a footstool that had once belonged to Pompadour. There it is, Stevie, please move it over—there's a little patch of sunlight in the centre of the room, place it there so we can properly appreciate it."

I moved the delicate piece of furniture into the sunlight. It was mounted on four emerald-coloured legs with golden claws. A row of silver nails in the shape of *fleur de lis* held down a petit-point cover that was delicate as the illuminations on mediaeval manuscripts.

There was the sound of a car outside, and then the door opened. There entered life, in the person of Sir Charles Mendl. He came toward us and smiled with a jolly face that was like a ripe plum lying a little on its side. The plum was festooned with a Colonel Blimp mustache.

"This is my dear husband," Mother started to say.

Sir Charles had extended his hand, and then he tripped over the footstool and lay on the floor, very still.

"My God, he's dead," said Lady Mendl.

"Nonsense," answered Sir Charles. "I'm not dead—having played polo all my life, I simply know how to fall. When one falls, one remains absolutely still for a minute. Now don't anyone bother helping me up."

Sir Charles was watching the dial on his wrist watch. At the end of a minute, he got up. Mother put one fist to her hip and stamped her foot. She slapped me on the back hard and said:

"You search the world for beauty, for beautiful things to live with, and then in comes your husband wearing that awful coat, this inseparable, impermeable, confounded trench coat—and with it, he ruins all the effect so carefully established."

Ignoring these words, and the plum face leaning back so that he spoke to the ceiling rather than to us, Sir Charles answered: "This coat was given me on the occasion of my visit to the Maginot Line. The Maginot Line being French did not keep out the Germans, but this coat being British, I daresay, still keeps out the rain—and I shall keep on wearing it. I am as fond of it as you are of your precious antiques, my dear."

he butler had taken the offending garment and also the footstool and Lady Mendl, with a curious smile, in which she lifted her upper lip and showed her teeth, said: "This is my dear husband, Sir Charles Mendl"—the hand was extended a second time and she added: "Dear Charles—do me a favour, go out and come in again—I love to see you come into this house without that coat." Sir Charles obliged.

Sir Charles had a late paper and the headline was about Paris.

"Oh, to think that France is free again," said Mother with a saintly face, clasping the white-gloved hands. "Dear Paris, dear Versailles! I shall see my villa again!"

"Dear Paris," said Sir Charles, "and the French—awfully depressing, especially if you speak the language."

"There are a few things Charles and I don't agree on—they are: diet, the French, and beautiful things. For example, this poor, dear footstool. It could have been in this house a hundred years, and unless he had fallen over it, dear Charles would never have been aware of its presence."

Charles excused himself and went to his room.

"Dear Charles," said Elsie, "he's such a snob. You know, he has a pain in his right leg, and he insists that it's the same disease that the King has." She leaned over and said in confidence, "He's getting a little gaga, poor dear—he's taking on the prerogatives of children, like running off to his room to sulk. But it's refreshing to have a husband who is still attractive to women and who behaves properly. With all the nonsense going on here, it gives one great pleasure. He is superb at arranging seatings at table, and he looks so wonderful against the fireplace."

Charles came back into the room. Looking at me, he asked: "I say, where are the oysters better, at Romanoff's or at La Rue?"

I said they were best at Chasen's, because there was a much larger turnover.

Elsie looked at him sharply and asked:

"Charles, who are you dining with?"

"Oh, a very ravishing creature."

"Oh, is it as mysterious as all that?"

"No, Elsie dear, but I can't recall. I have to look into my little book."

He wandered down to his rooms again, and I received the third poke.

"You see what I mean," said Elsie in a deep voice and with the Voltaire face. "Charles is getting old, he can't remember any more."

He came back with the pince-nez on his nose and his little black book open, and he said, "I'm (Continued on page 110)

# More taste than money—and more 1955 fashion per dollar

We're not for making a big thing out of it—out of dressing smartly on a scant amount of money. Anyone can do it, and a lot of people do. For fashion-requirements are the same whether you have five hundred a year or a blank cheque on the Chase: you need an eye for what's new and good, and the inclination to wear it. And you won't find either of these by looking in your purse.

You'll find the news this way, in every issue of Vogue, not just this one. These semiannual more-taste-than-money pages are not a specially created set of clothes for a financially deprived set of women; these are this spring's fashions at this spring's pleasantest prices. And there are scores of others there in the shops if you look for them—and if your eye has been trained to know a top fashion when it appears in your budget-bracket. For instance, as shown on these twelve pages: the news of planned-looking costumes, suits complete with blouses, dresses that come dressed with jackets or coats; pale-tinted tweeds; long-jacket suits; blade-slim sheaths; shirt coats, yellow coats, spring-dress coats, cut with short sleeves.

The fashion inclination? There's no substitute for it, not even money; and if you have it, it's worth a pound of uranium. It's the urge to give a new silhouette a whirl, a new colour a try. It's wanting a lot of excitement for your money instead of a little safety, and that's what's coming up here—more smartness per suit, more interest per costume, more fashion per coat, more success per dress... and more taste than money.

# More taste, more fashion

for 1955 suit money: for about \$35, opposite, not just a spring suit but a through-summer suit; not just a suit but the new suit-costume (the cotton print shirt is included). By Duchess Royal in black Bates Disciplined cotton matelassé—for weight and the way it tailors, a cotton cousin of worsted. Suit, Betmar hat, Coro earrings, Hansen gloves: Saks Fifth Ave. Suit, also Woodward & Lothrop; Neiman-Marcus. Thea bag.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI









# More taste than money; more interest per costume

This page: Two kinds of interest paid here fashion (the costume idea) and financial (dress and jacket can go separate ways). Over a blade-slim sheath of black linen, a cotton blazer of a black, brown, and white Fuller fabric. A Parade costume; about \$25. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Sakowitz. Facing page: This planned-looking look, at this price-fascinating to the woman who knows her fashion but has to watch her \$\$. Suit of black linen-textured rayon with a black and white cotton blouse; about \$18. By Lampl. Costume, Madcaps hat: Russeks. Costume, also at Harzfeld's; Thalhimers. Both pages: Ford's new luxury sports car, the Thunderbird, wearing its superfast (colourwise) black Coloray convertible top.















#### More taste than money; more variety per wardrobe

Left: Suit with the longer jacket, at a price that allows for other suit-choices too. About \$30. By David Crystal, in Mallinson fabric, a turquoise rayon-and-acetate with a lineny look. Best's; Burdine's; I. Magnin. Right: Little coat that makes a fine "second coat"-makes sense financially-in beige wool fleece. By Sportleigh, \$40. Coat, Betmar hat: Jay Thorpe. Coat, also L. S. Ayres. Below, reading from far left to far right: First: Cotton coat in unfailing good form, the water-repellent beige poplin trench coat. By Weatherbee, \$25. Bonwit Teller. Second: Easy-jacket suit in black and white Miron worsted. By Faye Wagner, \$70. John Frederics Charmer hat. Both, Saks Fifth Ave. Third: Costume-making coat—grey flannel; silk print lining. \$60. By Lortay. Coat, Betmar hat, Roger Van S bag: Lord & Taylor. Fourth: Short-sleeved coat—a fine spring dress, if you add a belt. Navy-blue Hockanum wool tweed (junior sizes). By Berg-Leto, \$65. Coat, Suzy hat: Bonwit Teller. Fifth: Black and white striped silk dress, \$20; lined black Lebanon worsted jersey coat, \$30. By Sportwhirl. Saks Fifth Ave. Sixth: Costume suit—plus a camisole. Navy-blue and white worsted. By Arlene Norman; junior sizes. \$70. Saks Fifth Ave.











More taste than money; more fashion per coat

This page: Worn this way with glitter, white gloves, and great nonchalance), a coatfashion that can cover little-dinner situations as well as day-the wrapping coat, now with a wide-cut collar, slimmer line; now in pure blue Dynel, the synthetic fibre with a real talent for luxurious softness. By A. Davis; about \$80. Peck & Peck, N.Y.; Hudson's; J. W. Robinson. The gloves by Shalimar and Trifari bracelets, at Bloomingdale's. Facing page: A coat like an open-throated shirt; a coat-fashion that can operate in city or (as shown) country surroundings. In yellow, too-watch this colour; it's a comer. By Shagmoor, of a worsted-and-mohair mixture; about \$60. Coat, Grandoe gloves, and Mosell earrings: all, at Gimbels. The coat, also at Dayton's; Famous-Barr. The car-fashion: the 1955 Ford Sunliner.













Number 4 in a series: This view of Jacques Villon, the great French painter, is the fourth in Vogue's series on living masters in art, all with photographs and text by Alexander Liberman. Next in the series, a feature on Marc Chagall in the April 1 issue.

# VIIIION

#### BY ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

hat is inspiration? "It is essentially a love of life, that makes one conscious of the air one breathes. I am hooked by life as by a woman." The man speaking, Jacques Villon, is seventy-nine. His thinning white hair seems blond, his pale blue eyes, pink smooth cheeks, convey an image of youth. His frail build, the shirt with its open collar under a soft beige sweater; the grey slacks, short tennis socks, sports sandals, carefree ease of movement accentuate the transformation of this elderly master into a portrait of an adolescent artist. There is a moment when age resembles youth and then the coincident images divide and separate.

His is an ageless face. It is part of the visual history of the old continent, centuries of culture, of intellectual refinement, of breeding. They have traced the thin lines of his face, the subtle proportion of his features and bone structure, the thin lips, the long nose, the rounded high forehead, reminding one of a finely etched Holbein scholar or a portrait of a nobleman by Clouet. There are on his cheek two small warts. How often these accidents of the skin had a great tactile fascination for the portrait painters of the Renaissance and how often these "defects" graft themselves on one's memory, while perfect, smooth, monotonous form is soon forgotten.

In the presence of Villon one is inescapably conscious of France—the "Douce France," gentle, sweet, charming France. The name Villon brings forth the image of François Villon, the great ribald and tender poet of the Middle Ages.

To Jacques Villon, the abstract artist, Nature is woman. "I am not tempted to philosophize about Nature. I'd rather possess her." The French intellectual has seldom been a dry non-sensual man. And Villon speaks of his art and his relations with Nature as a man of his mistress. This is a man and woman affair, uncomplicated by complexes, a healthy, normal desire to possess.

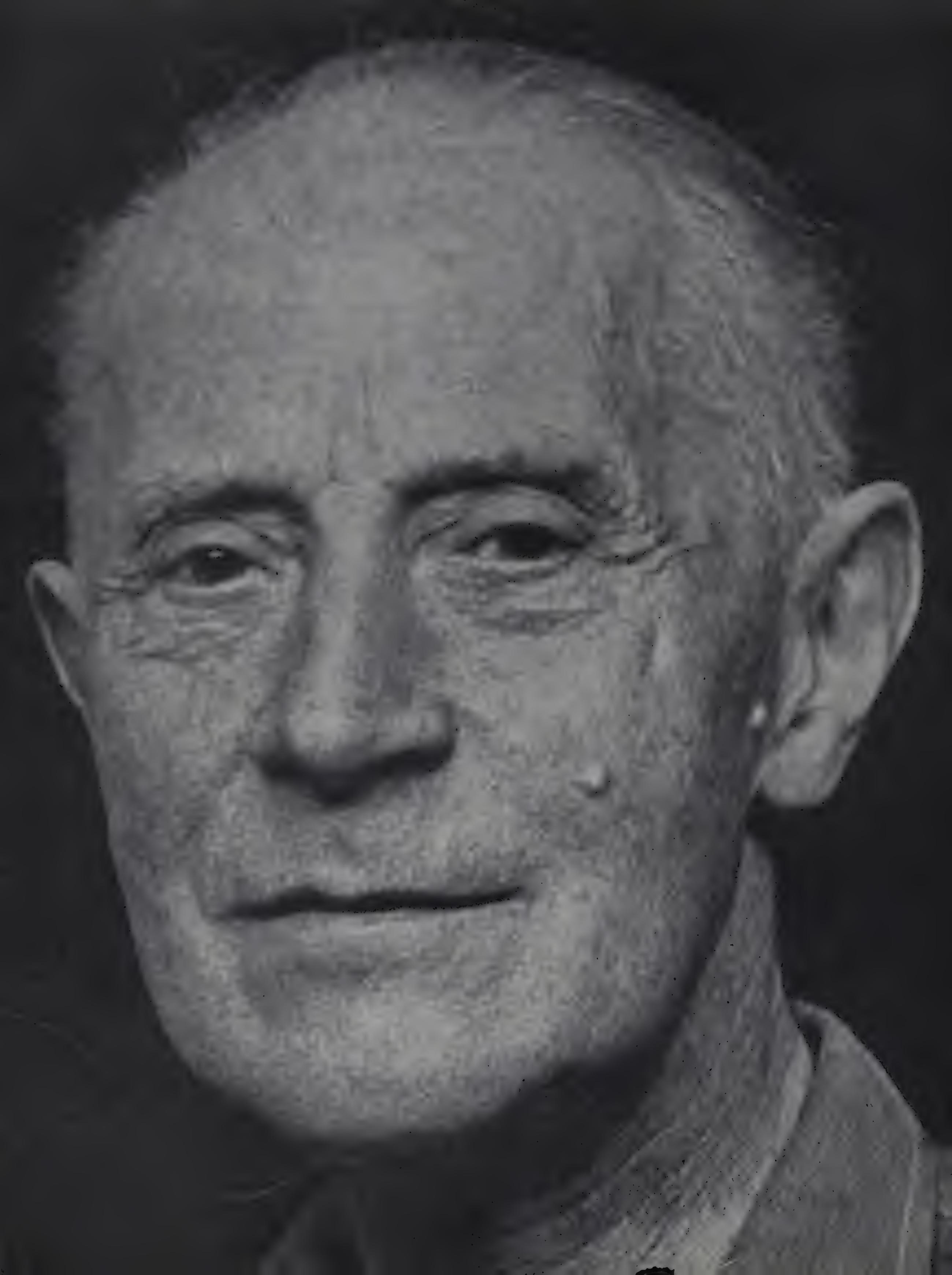
Since 1906, for over forty-eight years, Jacques Villon has been living in the same studio in Puteaux, a suburb of Paris, built on a hill that dominates the capital and slopes gently down to the Seine. (The continuity of surroundings seems to have played an important rôle in many creative lives.) In the tranquility of his retreat he can accomplish a great deal and redeem the years he spent away from painting. The studio is part of an

extraordinary community—"the school of Puteaux." In a quiet provincial street that seems very far from Paris, a small wooden door in a tall wall opens into a shaded garden. One can not get to Villon's house without passing an old suburban villa occupied by François Kupka, the eighty-three-year-old great painter, one of the founders and pioneers of abstract art. A narrow eroded path winds past the Kupkas' to a grey stucco pavilion, Villon's studio. Further down in the garden stands another building where Villon's brother, Raymond Duchamp-Villon, lived.

Villon is almost eighty. Kupka is eighty-three. Duchamp-Villon is dead. Recognition has come slowly to these great artists, and they have symbolically stood aloof, like Cézanne in Aix, from the Paris where for so long they were not appreciated. There is no view from Villon's studio. Instead there is the quiet sadness of a neglected garden with overgrown grass and unweeded paths. All the houses seem to exist on borrowed time; the big city is creeping up and soon they will be torn down and replaced by apartment houses, using up this wasted space where a few sensitive creative men found their haven.

The first impression of the studio is of grey austerity. The cold north light carefully equalized by white cheesecloth seems to transfix every object as though caught and suspended in a white crystal. Light here seems to have a density of its own. I thought of Vermeer's figures eternally preserved for posterity in their hunk of light-crystal. Light as an object seemed to exist all the more because of the white plaster walls, the dust-grey wood floor. On the other dark end of the grey scale were the black wicker armchairs, the black painted staircase that led to the second floor of the studio. Light seemed luminous against this monochromatic backdrop. There was not a single coloured object to distract the spell. There were never two paintings visible at the same time; Villon would always turn one against the wall if he wanted to show a second. For in this eye-resting room the lone vibrant canvas became an explosion of colour, as though all passion, all effort were concentrated into this one intensely burning spot. The canvas was a prism breaking up the crystal white light of the studio into the rainbow of the spectrum.

When after long hours of meditation and work he would carefully put the painting back into neatly built storage shelves, the studio seemed momentarily plunged (Continued on page 82)







in darkness as though the artist-scientist, after putting away his laboratory equipment, switched off the light. There seemed no immediate connection between the painting and its surroundings. There was no continuity, no obvious link between the pure bright colours, the geometric shapes and this seemingly indifferent studio. On a high shelf, a few plaster sculptures of his brother, Duchamp-Villon, caught light and dust with a simultaneous form defining passivity. Nothing seems more melancholy than abandoned bas-reliefs.

n a dark wood provincial chest, curiously out of place in the austere surroundings, were lying small toys; the pink, painted, naked dolls next to brown cows and white sheep, all intermingled as though abandoned by some careless

child. Like Poussin, the severe classicist who re-created his compositions in miniature theatres, studying light or draped terra-cotta figures, Villon works out his compositions with these toys. The accidental reality is eliminated and the artist can work in the security of his studio on the involved problems of composition and execution that art requires; he said, "Art is a translation of nature that has more grandeur."

On a table were several toy models of airplanes, the source of his latest inspiration. It seemed as though this artist-scientist were going through the same procedures as the aeronautical engineer who tests his theories on miniature plane models in a wind tunnel. But here the most sensitive instruments—the human eye and brain—were testing in this wind tunnel of light that is Villon's studio. The object manipulated, seen from all sides with the flow of vision analyzing its form, revealed to the artist's scrutiny the secrets that simple sketching from actual reality could never disclose. The crude simplification of the toys reduced them to rough essences of the things they represented. They were stand-ins for generalizations—human, animal, machine. One by one he brought out the toys and unwittingly placed them on a chessboard; it seemed as though symbolically the mathematical laws that govern chess suddenly governed these playful symbols.

Villon is a Nordic born in Rouen, Normandy—that extraordinary nursery for such great French artists as Poussin, Courbet, Léger, Dufy, Braque. The rich northern province with its fields and seashore has for centuries mothered and inspired artists. One must hear the pride with which a Léger or a Villon says, "I am Norman," implying in that short phrase heraldic deeds and peasant humbleness—the spirit of the sailor and the shrewd cunning of a poacher. To be a Norman implies the ability to act and to execute, to put one's ideas into practical form, to change with one's own hands dreams into concrete reality.

But above all there is the light of Normandy, that magic medium that transforms nature into an eye-stimulating colour impulse. The haze from the North Sea reveals all the hues that the harsh sun of the south bleaches. The great schools of colourists have flourished near areas of water—the Venetians, the Dutch, the English, the Impressionists with their rivers and seas, and then the Normans of contemporary art.

Villon said, "I was born in 1875. My mother was a Norman. She used to draw when she saw me paint as a child. My grandfather Nicole was an artist, an etcher who also sold marine insurance. I studied law but at eighteen I failed in my exams. My brother Duchamp-Villon studied medicine but during an illness he tried some sculpture and became a sculptor."

He recalled the intense intellectual life in Rouen: "A paint supply shop there had drawings by Lautrec and Steinlen. A friend of mine wrote news articles about painters. An eighty-three-year-old aunt or cousin collaborated in the art newspapers and magazines of Rouen. She even wrote a play. She wrote art criticism and at a time when Rodin was hated she fought for his art and defended him. There was a current of modernism, a stirring. . . .

"It made me think of leaving Rouen and of going toward the modern movement. I wanted fresh air. I went to Paris, to Montmartre. There I was surrounded by the 'avant garde'—no 'pompiers.' I was

a 'petit révolté.'" He added, "That was 1894. I adopted a pseudonym, Villon; our real name was Duchamp"—he paused a moment—"you see my father was a fine man. He was a notary; I was a 'révolté,' so I did not want to hurt him. But now that I am successful I am sorry to have changed my family name—how my conscience troubles me because of him!" As he spoke the stream of recollection brought animation to his gestures, the lips moving quickly in a staccato, each word precisely formed by slight, nearly imperceptible variation. There was warmth, tenderness, an exceptional humanity, the words of a man who knew what family love meant.

"We've always been a tightly-knit family. I was particularly close to my middle brother Duchamp-Villon, the sculptor. He came to live in a studio next to mine in 1906 until his death in 1918. Then our younger brother Marcel Duchamp, the painter, was always under our influence. Marcel made it a point of honour to be brighter and stronger than us." His eyes twinkled. "We taught Marcel to play chess; he learned so well that in fifty years I could never beat him. We tried billiards; we used to play in a place called 'La Poule au Gibier.' He beat us at that, too. I like games, but not money games. I don't gamble."

It is rare in the history of art for three brothers to achieve greatness. The Duchamp-Villon family have. Duchamp-Villon, one of the founders of Cubism in sculpture, was one of the great sculptors of modern art. Marcel Duchamp, the painter, has a profound and lasting influence on contemporary art.

Villon remembered, "Marcel went into abstract art because he could not stand all those people who raved about 'beautiful sunsets.'"

Marcel Duchamp, the man who painted a moustache on the Mona Lisa to show his contempt and irreverence toward the sacrosanct, was the artist who shocked America with his "Nude Descending the Staircase" in the 1913 New York Armory Show.

Villon said, "Marcel classified everything, even chance!" Duchamp's obsession with chance, his sense of irony, made him his own victim. He abandoned painting for chess, finding in the limitless speculation of the mathematical laws of probabilities, the answer to his hunger for speculation. Although he has painted little, his experiments with paint, glass, objects, movies, unfolding boxes have been the sparks that have lit many enthusiasms. Marcel Duchamp is present and part of all that is modern today.

Although Duchamp gambled on the mysterious creativeness of the accident, his older brother Jacques Villon said, "One must avoid all accident." But they have much in common, their sense of humour, and beyond it, irony, acute intelligence and love of scientific speculation. Villon is the classicist who has repressed much in order to achieve modernism within tradition. Duchamp is the romantic who broke with tradition, let his undisciplined ego go wild until French logic made him realize that he had destroyed what he had loved.

Villon continued, "In the early days to earn a living I illustrated newspapers. I would draw all night; it was a way of making money, and then most of my friends were doing it." Should a painter have a quiet, easy life in which to create? "A little tranquility, not too much. There must be difficulties to surmount." His index finger pointed, emphasizing, "I won't say anything bad about newspapers! Just as journalism has not harmed literature, for an artist to illustrate newspapers is a contact with reality. One comes to grips with life. But when I think back on the fifteen years that I worked for newspapers—in a way they were wasted. I could have painted that much longer. You see, my father had six children. He could only send me a little money, but I wanted to make more. I should have contented myself with what he sent me and painted, not wasting so much time, instead of trying to be smart, proud, and show-off." Apologetically he added, "I could have done so much better, but, luckily, because of my long life, time has been given back to me."

In the peace of his life, in the protection of his marriage, Villon works. He said, "My wife watches over my health." Madame Villon came into the studio. They have been married since 1904. A frail, elderly woman, she has large, warm brown eyes, contrasting with

the intense, sharp, pale, cool eyes of Villon. Where his features are pointed, hers are round. In the gentleness of their relationship there is a serenity that provides a calm and ideal climate for creative work. Their voices were never raised. I was struck by the quietness of it all—the quietness of their life, the quietness of the studio. Her slippered feet made no noise on the wooden floor. Here in the remote suburb, with its tree-cast shadows, is the peace of surroundings and of mind that allows quiet meditation and the cutting of the visual world into the facets of Villon's vision.

When later we went into the dining room, Madame Villon was patiently reading a newspaper—the wife who knew what patience meant, for to be the wife of a painter is to have the ability to wait.

As she sat in the dark room she seemed to blend with the surroundings as though she were in an interior painted by Vuillard. The small rooms contrasted with the grey but luminous vastness of the studio. Near the window a table was set for a frugal lunch; these two would calmly break their bread together, undisturbed, eat, and in this interlude the artist would find strength to resume where he left off. Nothing would jar him or tear the continuity of his creative thoughts. The leafy shadow added a green dominant to the weak light that bathed the simple white wicker furniture.

As one absorbed the austere surroundings one realized that this was not a picture-making interior; this was the house of Monsieur and Madame Villon and it had nothing to do with his art. It could not, in its neutral simplicity, interfere and intrude into his painting.

Few painters are articulate. Villon is an exception; his intelligence, the quickness, the precise analytical quality of his mind permit a revealing study of an artist. And through Villon one can grasp the thought behind the creative act of the modern artist.

"Painting is a form of l'élan vital, the vital impulse. It is one of the forms of love. I am always attempting to join the two—love and painting—they are Siamese twins." Has he found happiness in painting? "Yes. But one suffers to produce it. It is not a happiness exposed in bright sunlight. It is a happiness that one must gain piece by piece. If a canvas 'rings,' if it is successful, then there is restitution." After a pause, "There is no immediate happiness," he corrected.

hy does he paint? "One has to pass one's time on the earth!" he answers, smiling his shy smile. "It is not necessary to paint. I don't believe in the modern artists justifying their blobs of

paint by their instinct. Only those who have studied have a right to modern expression. Probably the discipline, the moderation of my art comes from my bourgeois wisdom. Art for me is an opportunity to be happy." He added, "The tragedy of some painters is that they have an aspiration for beauty but don't attain it. We are not gods! They look at themselves in a mirror and say, 'I am going to surpass my vision.' They can not, and rage."

This French bon sens which warns when to admit the impossible is typical of Villon. His method of work, his life is a calm, serene flow; the wisdom of the French philosophers is in him.

"Art is a distillation of an emotive physical origin. In art, intelligence wins over intuition."

When Villon sat down to paint, he picked up his brushes, and amongst them stuck out a ruler. With this restraint in hand Villon works. "There must be a discipline. One must sit down in front of the easel without waiting for inspiration. Study is very important. Study should be used to make plans; study is what scales are to the pianist.

"I get up at eight in the morning and paint from nine till lunch time. After lunch, around three o'clock, I paint again. I take a two-week vacation every year."

What is the relationship between the artist and the outside world? Is there a correspondence that starts the creative act?

"There is an 'appeal,' a call, one's mind does recognize certain forms. For instance, I have been sketching airplanes, but my drawings do not look like airplanes. What made me draw them? An inner urge, and in these strange new signs I have found my original inspiration, the airplane." He quoted Delacroix, "If an artist can not sketch a man falling from a roof before he reaches the ground, he will never be a draughtsman."

Villon went on, "I haven't a good visual memory; I remember poorly; I must lean on Nature. I do not flee reality. In my most extreme paintings I like to hold on to reality."

More than any other modern artist, Villon has reconciled the schism of the two movements of contemporary arts—pure abstraction and realism. This synthesis may well be the solution to many dead ends of art.

"During World War I, in 1914, I worked as a cartographer for the army." As with many painters, there is the mysterious lasting influence of some early craft; stained glass for Rouault, photo retouching for Chagall, architecture for Léger, house painting for Braque, maybe map making for Villon. He said, "I decompose the subject into planes and my painting is a working drawing to read reality."

Whoever has seen military staff maps knows how important to the mind are the differences of level, the ridges, the hills, the mountains and the valleys. The slopes and ridges, translated into pictorial language, make a world of surfaces and edges.

The thin line of the edge is the clash of two colour surfaces, the frontier where their colour maximums meet. Any line drawn on any surface takes on a new meaning; it is a ridge of the imaginary slopes that surround it, and all flatness seems to disappear from our perception as we become familiar with this notion. Then we see lines in paintings with new eyes.

The scientific study of vision undertaken during the last war to teach pilots safe landing methods has proved the all-important rôle played by gradients (the gradient of a hill is its change of altitude with distance), and the importance of edges that cause changes of light energy, which in turn stimulate the eye.

As one writes down these terms, a Villon painting comes to mind, its surfaces, edges, conflict of light stimulation, those essential requirements for maximum perception. As an artist who is also a man of science, he continues the tradition of the Renaissance. Leonardo could well be his master, and the sketches of airplanes by Villon re-created the notebooks of Leonardo where the first flying machines were prefigured. Twentieth-century art is much less developed than its science. If Villon's art is difficult it is because it is ahead of the times. But our understanding of new signs is rapidly increasing, and the seemingly incomprehensible but daring vision of the artist is but a new facet of reality that the artist detects and reveals ahead of his time.

He said, "I avoid the accidental present. I want my art to be more general."

Villon has been called the Cézanne of Modern Art. Like the great classicists, Cézanne saw that great art must be based on a theory and a system and not rely on the accidental intuitive handling of paint. But Cézanne lived on the threshold of the twentieth century. The Scientific Age was to him a vision of the future. He felt that he was the "first marker on the new path, others will come." Villon, a man of thirty when Cézanne died, has benefited fully from the great development of science. He is the painterscientist who with infinite patience and discipline pursues his research. Cézanne, perhaps, was too human and too passionate to realize fully the severe vision of his mind.

Nowhere have I seen a clearer demonstration of the sum of the mentally torturing, physically exhausting actions that go into the creation of a truly thought-out work of art.

But Villon's art is not cold, for where Poussin, the severe seventeenth-century French classicist, re-created the chilling grey shaded stillness of antique marble, (Continued on page 112)

## ISCHIA

"These Neapolitan islands," wrote Sean O'Faolain in An Autumn in Italy, "have one special quality of detachment from the world." After exploring most of the Italian peninsula with hovering preferences for a dozen places, O'Faolain expressed a special love for Ischia, for its "collapsed craters of half-moon bays... the full moon bay of Porto D'Ischia... the aerial saucer-shaped valleys... the frozen lava tumbled through the vineyards... the vastness of the blue enemy all about."

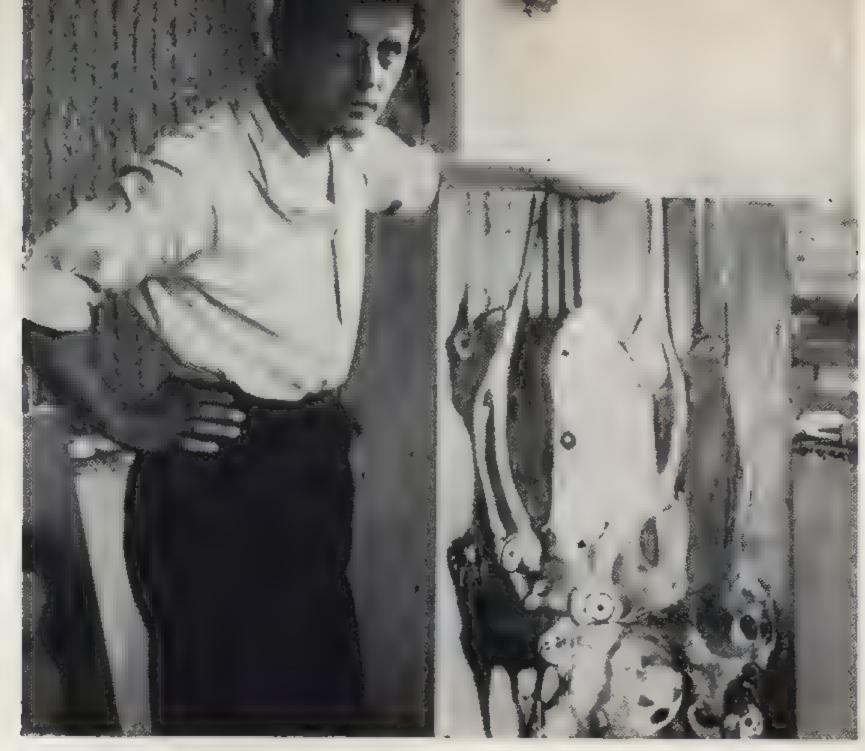
Ischia has a handful of charming villages, big enough for comfort and lively enough for amusement. Living there rather than just summer visiting are a group of writers, artists, and musicians whose lives are constricted only geographically, and whose only link is often just a taste for calm and blue weather.

At Forio, one of those villages, lives twenty-nine-yearold Cremonini in a primitive whitewashed cottage, with one great room. There he eats, sleeps, and paints surrounded by a mess of shells, fish spines, and dried seaweed picked up on the beach and waiting to be used in some way for his paintings. Occasionally Cremonini canvases are shown at the town hall along with raffia baskets and kitchen stuff. His work appears at even grander exhibitions in Rome, London, and Paris; the 1952 Carnegie International Exhibition at Pittsburgh showed two of his paintings. The Viviano Gallery in New York has given him two one-man shows. (Vogue showed a Cremonini drawing, in "More Art than Money," December, 1952.)

Less known is the twenty-eight-year-old English painter, Phillip Martin, who settled down in Ischia after first trying a derelict yacht in the Thames. (For a time he entered a Franciscan order as a lay brother.) He now lives almost all year round on Ischia with his young wife, Helen Marshall, an adroit painter.

Another life, more settled, deeper-rooted, centres around the villas. One of these is Mezzatorre, to which Baron Muzio Fassini comes from Rome with the Baroness and their small son, Luca, for a part of each year. From Mezzatorre, on a fist of land, visitors have an impression of a Neapolitan gouache seen in reality—that long, magnificent view that sweeps from Vesuvius around the crescent of Naples' bay.

Farther along the coast, the Waltons live in a square native house. There, in a studio completely bare except for piano and desk, Sir William wrote his only opera. (Movie audiences know him primarily for his background music to the Olivier movies, *Hamlet* and *Henry V*.) Their house, half for work and half for holiday, has a peasant kitchen, with brass pots and red peppers, where Lady Walton, who was born in the Argentine, likes to cook. Meals are often on the terrace in the dazzle of the Naples view, that constant of Ischian life, with, far away, what O'Faolain called "the horizon of the tolerant sea."



LEONARDO CREMONINI, a young Italian painter, who lives in Ischia, often works into his strong, brilliant paintings Ischian images—beasts, fishermen, crags, women rowing, bulls, sea wrack.



SIR WILLIAM WALTON AND LADY WALTON on the balcony of their rather Moorish house, where he wrote his opera, *Troilus and Cressida*, an enormous hit performed seven times this winter at Covent Garden.



PHILLIP MARTIN, an English painter whose huge, elaborately worked paintings, like magnified rugs, will be shown for the first time in America this month at the Pierre Matisse Gallery in New York.



BARON AND BARONESS MUZIO FASSINI, who spend part of every year in Ischia, standing on the terrace of their villa, Mezzatorre, a crenelated fourteenth-century castle, which belonged to the Baron's father, who first went to Ischia fifty years ago. Below, right: Mezzatorre, from part way up the mountain behind the castle.







# HE FINEST FRENCH HOUSE IN NEW YORK'

Mr. and Mrs. Byron C. Foy's new apartment (shown on these and the next two pages) now houses the magnificent collection of French eighteenth-century furniture and objects, and French Impressionist paintings, that made their previous house often called "the finest French house in New York." Here, as there, everything reflects Mrs. Foy's unerring collector's eye, her unswerving taste, and her talent for making a house gay and livable, as well as visually lovely. Here are the exquisite white-and-gold panelled rooms; the furniture (much of it signed) from the great periods of the Régence, Louis XV, and Louis XVI; the rare porcelains; the intricatelydesigned and highly-polished old parquet floorsall looking as though they had always been here. In the library (left), with its Louis XV oak boiserie painted clear yellow and white, there are comfortable sofas and a modern coffee table, which Mrs. Foy has combined with her pieces of museum calibre. The great formal dining room (below), with its remarkable gold Louis XVI panelling, has a large dining table with a complete Sèvres garniture. Mr. and Mrs. Foy and their guests, however, often dine at small tables that can be pushed back afterwards for dancing. (Continued on next page)

MR. AND MRS. FOY IN THE LIBRARY

THE GOLD-AND-WHITE DINING ROOM





IN THE HALL: A STATUE BY
GIOVANNI DA BOLOGNA,
PAINTING BY RENOIR

# HE FINEST FRENCH HOUSE'' continued

Mr. and Mrs. Byron C. Foy's drawing room (shown right, and again below) is a high, light, airy room of great elegance and almost breathtaking beauty, entirely panelled in white-andgold boiserie of the early Louis XV (Régence) epoch. In it hang four magnificent Renoirs, including the "Girl in a White Hat"; an early Lautrec; and two Degas ballet pastels (not shown). Among the treasures of its Louis XV and Louis XVI furniture is the pair of gilt settees in front of the fireplace. Nothing conceals the marvellous Versailles-patterned parquet floor except one Persian carpet of silk completely embroidered in gold thread, once owned by the late King of Spain. (More about Mr. and Mrs. Foy's apartment on page 112.)

MRS. BYRON C. FOY
IN HER WHITE-AND-GOLD DRAWING ROOM

















# Vogue pattern-planned wardrobes

The idea here and on the next four pages: to take a Vogue Pattern (or two, as on the facing page) and organize a season's wardrobe. We aren't endorsing a clothes capsule for a whole fashion diet (and we don't think vitamin pills will replace the seated dinner). What we do envision: three different costumes—any one of which would solve the what-to-wear question for lunch, for a woman's committee-woman commitments sort of day-life, and most late-day and little-evening life. By way of forethought, the two patterns following are premeditated plans for complete costumes—dress, jacket, and coat—and the two at left work together as a costume. These three plans offer a choice of places and hours that an assorted closetful might not cover. And being costumes, they offer not just versatility—but also fashion certainty (the planned-looking look of costumes is 1955 fashion news).

Now: beside the fabrics suggested in our photographs, what else might a woman of fashion acumen look for, this season? For the costume that's scheduled for completion in the next few weeks: look for lemon-tinted tweed (with this in hand, keep an eye out for a black-and-white printed turban). Look for a soufflé-weight of black and white checked flannel—the coat perhaps black woollen shantung. Look for Chanel-red silk serge for a new spring-red costume. Or look for a length of the new ribbed cotton faille in a deep sapphire blue. Or navy-blue silk Honan (note: wear turquoises with this). Or silk woven like linen, in a shade (or shades) of mauvey-pink. Or a dress and jacket of a new print-nonconformist polka-dots in sizes of every coin of the realm; rangeof-a-colour prints that look like water colourings (with these, a coat of silk or chiffon flannel in a clear, unmuddied solid colour). For a really summery climate—Havana right now or New York in July: look for red handkerchief linen, or pineapple-coloured linen, or a silk placed anywhere in the new ricebeige range. And for a summer luxury—there's no other word for it—a white cotton jacquard coat with a dress of white silk printed with blue-red violets.

### Three lavenders: one-wardrobe idea

Opposite: Why these two patterns together could be a wardrobe: they could be made up as a city day costume (repeat the dress in navy blue; wear it with a gold choker); as a little dinner costume (beige cotton brocade); or as here, as a complete clement-weather costume. The lavenders here? One's deep, one's pale, and one trails right off into the atmosphere (it's the lavender that's made out of the flower—"English Lavender" by Yardley). Linen, Moygashel. Gloves by Hansen. Jewellery by Castlecliff. Bag by MM. Lipstick, deliberately not on the lavender side—"Bright Red" by Yardley. Dress, "Easy to Make" Pattern 8545. Coat, "Very Easy to Make" Pattern 8549. For back views, see page 118.

DRESS, VOGUE PATTERN 8545 COAT, VOGUE PATTERN 8549

## 2: Complete-in-one-pattern wardrobe, in tweed

Here, a wardrobe that comes from one envelope (a rather famous envelope: Vogue Couturier Design) and just might hang all from one hanger; might travel by overnight case. Three stanzas to it: a dress (long body-line), a jacket (close but not clenched), and a coat (collarless but drawing on the jacket collar beneath). Altogether, they're Vogue Couturier Pattern 846; in this case, made of Forstmann oatmeal tweed. Below left: As a travel costume, the dress, the jacket, and the coat (it's worn with the jacket collar outside). Worn here with a beige straw hat (John Frederics Charmer), a beige calfskin Coronet bag. Below right: The dress-and-jacket costume, meeting handsomely all of its day-time obligations. Beige felt cloche: a John Frederics Charmer. Yellow kidskin gloves. Accordion-pleated calfskin bag by Milch. Facing page: The dress alone, to be included in don't-dress-for-dinner plans from now till summer. With it, unreal topazes by Castlecliff. White kidskin gloves: Alexette Bacmo. Background, here: Marcel's—his hairdressing salon has just had a head-to-foot beauty treatment. Pattern sizes, yardages, on page 118.





ENTIRE COSTUME, BOTH PAGES: VOGUE COUTURIER PATTERN 846



## 3: Complete-in-one-pattern wardrobe, in silk

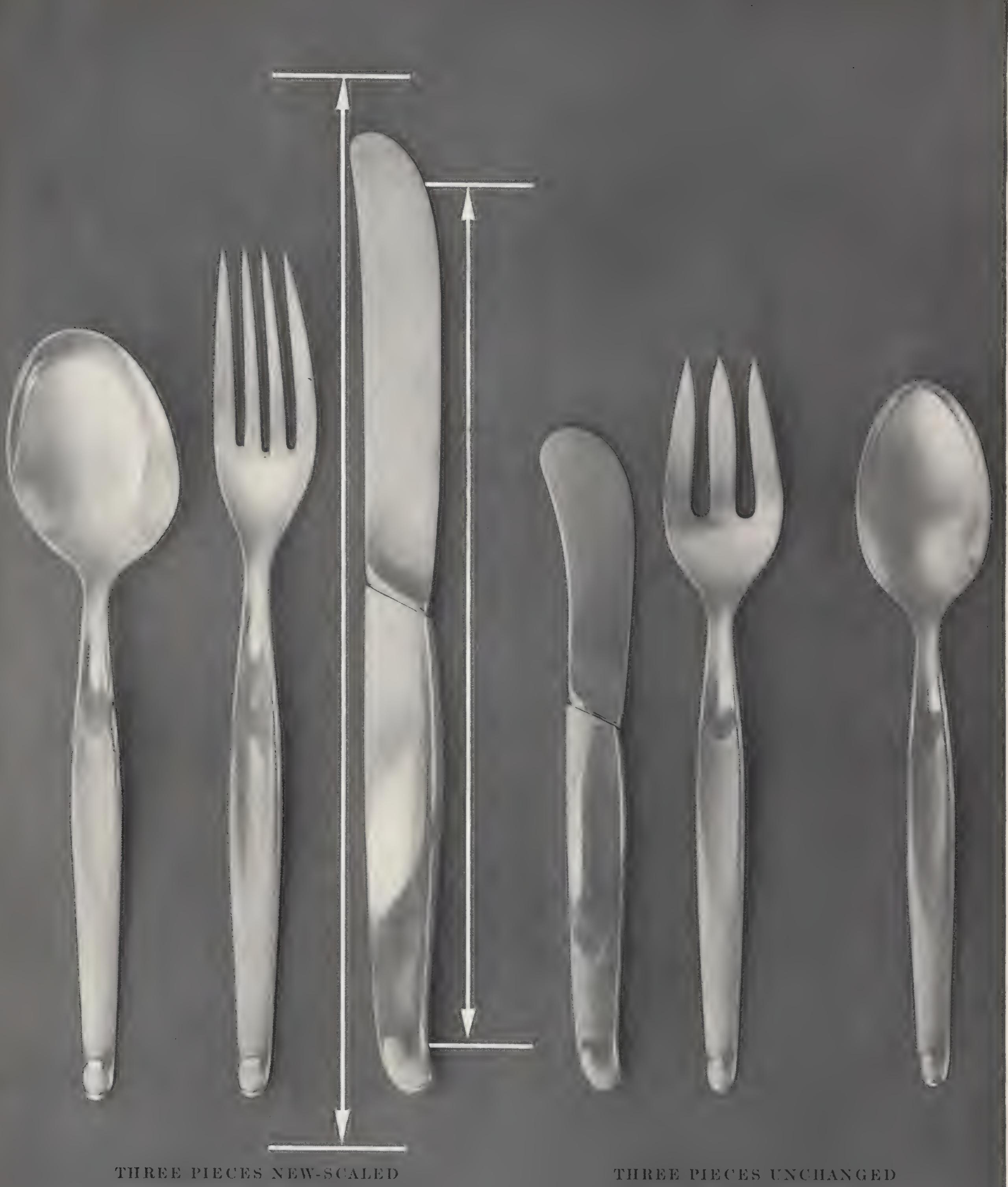
Another wardrobe organized from a single pattern—namely Vogue Couturier Pattern 847, which includes a finger-tip-length coat, a cardigan jacket, and a long-bodied dress. All three made up in this instance of lineny rice-beige silk by Skinner. Other fabric ideas (to make another whole wardrobe) on page 95. Below left: The dress alone—or with small furs—could answer perhaps half of one's after-four invitations if covered late-day clothes are a preference. Sine qua non for sewing: really expert fitting. Below right: All three components—coat, jacket, dress—make a costume for travelling, going to lunch, afternoon appointments. Here with a straw cloche by John Frederics, white Kislav gloves, bag by Milch. Facing page: Dress and jacket together, bringing to mind the silk suit kind of usefulness—tea-pouring, non-arduous travelling, a quite-dressed luncheon. Side-swept hat of cocoa-coloured silk by John Frederics. Quasi-pearls (rows and rows of small ones) by La Tausca. Cocoa kidskin gloves by Superb. These three photographs taken at the Hampshire House. Pattern sizes, back views, yardages on page 118.





ENTIRE COSTUME, BOTH PAGES: VOGUE COUTURIER PATTERN 847





THREE PIECES NEW-SCALED

The basis of all-purpose place settings: an oval-bowled spoon for soup, cereal, and dessert: a middle-sized fork and knife, between dinner and luncheon size.

Butter-spreader, hollow-handled;
salad fork;
and teaspoon.

# New silver scale used by American silversmiths

For the first time the American silversmiths have adopted the new scale for six-piece place settings. These new-scaled settings, correct for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, eliminate certain pieces of silver formerly considered "musts." Now a place knife and fork, in size between luncheon and dinner, double for both meals. In addition, the new ovalhowled place spoon can be used for both soup and dessert. This cheerful arrangement, which numbers among its advantages that it leaves more funds and more storage space for such pleasant extras as steak knives and oyster forks, became possible for the first time four years ago when Towle, collaborating with the Walker Art Center of Minneapolis, introduced the revolutionary new scale, first used in their "Contour" pattern. It is their scale which the silver industry has now adapted to additional new patterns. (The original Towle all-purpose place setting was shown first by Vogue, May 1, 1951, appears again opposite.) For those who prefer them, all the traditional sizes are still being made. Opposite: At the far left, is the new soup-dessert spoon. Next to it, the new split-personality knife and fork in the reduced scale. The ruled white lines mark the scale of the traditional dinner size and the smaller traditional luncheon size. The three pieces of silver, at the right on the opposite page, are completely unchanged in scale-the hollowhandled butter spreader, the salad fork, and the teaspoon. Right: Places set, top to bottom, for breakfast, luncheon, dinner, all with Bonniers' new white Arabia china, as versatile as the all-purpose sterling silver used on each of the tables. In the breakfast setting, Reed & Barton's "Silver" Sculpture." Luncheon setting, "Theme," a new silver pattern by Gorham. Dinner setting, Lunt's "Summer Song." For more details on all of these and prices, see page 114.





At the Juilliard School of Music: un-serious musicians producing Bremen Town squeaks, crimson faces, laughter

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# Schoolgirl's spring wardrobe, 7 to 12— edited by Vogue

Any seven-to-twelve-year-old, finding herself naked with a piggy-bank this spring, might plunge and have all these clothes. Otherwise, it's not too likely. But here, and on the next four pages, are fresh-but-conservative clothes for the up-to-the-eighth-grade group—for any mother to choose from, to fill out, to smarten up, to start a new colour scheme in a current wardrobe. The news? News in children's clothes is rarely staggering (if it is, it's often not the best of news), but there is always the small, bright fillip of fashion. This spring? The polo shirt, straighter falling skirts, more little suits—and "best" coats, newly pale. Hat news? Of all things, yes! The standard-classic sailor has a slightly wider brim; white felt is vying with white straw, and the beret appears to be nosing out the match-the-coat bonnet or hat. Continuing: the Oxford, moccasin; the Mary Jane for after school. Hem lines: continuing to the centre-back of the knee (the front, usually covered with a strip of bandage).

At left: After-school (but not quite party) dresses. Far left, our flute player, in chambray—the colour of milk chocolate, flecked black and coral. By Cinderella, in a Mission Valley cotton, about \$6. The clarinetist wears a dress of Ameritex Everglaze cotton striped in white, pink, blue, grey. By Tiny Town Togs, about \$8. Both dresses at Best's; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Both musicians had their hair fixed—at Best's. Above right: She likes the white buttons, her mother likes the crisp, easy lines... a navy-blue flannel coat by Bambury, that does duty as a summer travel coat too. \$20. At Lord & Taylor. White straw Breton, John Frederics. Directly right: It's a Chesterfield—almost. Navy-blue and white pin-checked worsted; velvet collar, back belt. By Peggy 'n Sue, \$25. Baku Breton. Both, Macy's.



Home again-with Too Much Homework



The school bus—a travelling club

VOGUE, FEBRUARY 15, 1955

"Well, the Aztec has this sort of calendar . . ."



"I know, I know! It was 1781"

#### School clothes: good grades

Left: Now for the clothes in which to hear the first ugly rumours of algebra, and the last word on fractions. Here, a dress in a new colour, smoky pearl-white-checked, pink-smocked. By Youngland, in Ameritex cotton, \$11. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Below left: The overblouse fashion off to an early start: orange poplin, black and white checked skirt, by Kate Greenaway, \$6. And: the infallibly becoming navy cotton; button-in collar. By Johnston, in Spring Mills cotton, \$10. Both dresses, good at games, grammar, and giggling. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Below right: Good for several days running-wrinkle-resistant cotton-and-Orlon. Mauve, with a satiny stripe. By Sunny Lee, in Stevens Everglaze cotton, \$9. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus. Facing page: Proof that the idea of separates is catching them young. White and pastel polo shirts of cotton mesh, by Cromwell, \$2.25 each. (The Alamac cotton knit has been through a Permathal-Everglaze process for shrinkage control.) The skirts, left to right: First, flatly pleated plaid Orlon-and-wool (Milliken's Lorette), \$8. Second, pink Hockanum wool, umbrella gores, \$9. Third, black and white pin-checked wool, crisply pleated, \$9. Fourth, plaid skirt, box-pleated, of Herbert Meyer cotton, \$8. Skirts by Belle Frocks. Everything on this page, ready at Altman; Hudson's; I. Magnin.



"Well, I think it was Tennyson"



"I before e except after c, or when sounded like a, as in neighbour or weigh"

VOGUE, FEBRUARY 15, 1955



"Wouldn't it be fun if ...

#### Spring suits, pale "best" coats

This page, left: A dress and jacket, technically, but she can refer to it as "my suit." The dress has a white piqué top, jacket and skirt are black and white checked cotton. By Fairchild, \$18. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Below left: A costume, really—a sleeveless jumper dress (to wear with its own white dickey, or her own white blouse) and a proper little brass-buttoned sailor jacket. By Suzy Brooks, \$13. Matching beret. Both, Saks Fifth Ave. Below centre: Blazer-bound jacket trimmed with white; a mildly full skirt. By Stern & Herff, of light blue linen-textured rayon, \$18. At Jane Engel. Below right: Three-piece suit, very smart, very washable. Navy jacket and skirt of cotton and Avisco rayon (a Folker fabric with a rough, silky weave); blouse and jacket lining of cotton. By Fairway, \$23. Saks Fifth Ave. The escalating here: being done at the New York Port Authority Bus Terminal. Facing page: Left, a soft blue-mauve coat, double-breasted, buttoned with white mother-of-pearl. By Fischer, of Shetland and mohair, about \$45. New kind of spring hat: white felt roller bound in pale ribbon by John Frederics. Right, the true princesse—here in pale mauve-pink wool tweed with a linen collar. By Mode Kiddie, in Milliken tweed, about \$30. Linen cloche, \$5. Both coats and linen hat: from Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; I. Magnin.



the stairs all collapsed ...



and everybody slid . . .



all the way to the bottom!"



At the Metropolitan Museum, two critics (wondering whether they could throw a silver dollar across the Potomac)

107 VOGUE, FEBRUARY 15, 1955



There's more print going into fashion than into paperbacks. Somewhere, now, in every smart spring costume, you'll see it. Hats are dotted (see page 48). Handbags are Paisleyed (see Vogue, next issue). And shoes and gloves are being striped and figured. The general idea is that with any solid colour, add some one solid area of pattern. And that's what the glove at left is all about. It's black-printed cotton (the cotton, turquoise, pink, yellow, or white) and it's meant to carry the news of pattern into an otherwise black, beige, brown or grey costume. This, designed in Paris by Hermès for Wear-Right, \$4. Lord & Taylor; Himelhoch's; J. W. Robinson.

Nº 5 - BOIS DES ILES - GARDENIA - RUSSIA LEATHER - Nº 22



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

# · "The One I Love The Best"

(Continued from page 61)

not dining out. I'm dining in—with Joan Fontaine—at her house."

"Is she a good cook?"

"I don't know her that well," said Charles, and left again.

"Mother is going upstairs for a minute, and then we'll take the car. And may Mother bring a friend— Blue Blue? And where are we going to dine, Steve?"

"At Romanoff's," I said.

Sir Charles appeared once more and said: "I'll be back rather late, dear. I'm taking Joan to a concert after dinner. Heifetz is playing."

Mother took a stance again, stuck both her hands in her pockets and smiled, and left to go upstairs. Later in the car she said:

"Oh, those musical evenings. Dear Charles is musical. He sings. They say he has a good voice—he has volume and sings notes within notes. As for Heifetz, they say he is the best—but when I come out of one of his concerts, I could just as well have watched him wind a clock.

"Here is Romanoff's! chk—I like Mr. Romanoff very much. He welcomes dogs in his restaurant."

We had a good, slow, quiet dinner, and two bottles of wine, there was some talking, but also the long silences that usually come only after long acquaintance and friendship. When I said goodnight to Mother at the door of her house I promised to come back the next day, for lunch. I was happy to be with her. She was as comprehensible to me, as if I had painted her a dozen times. She was uncomplicated, she was ageless. I observed her closely and at first with some fear that the perfection of this wonderful living objet d'art might have flaws, but I found out that it was perfect, and for me it stayed so. I looked sharply at her in the first days-she covered up her crêpey throat with jewels and her arthritic hands with gloves, so she covered or ignored those things in life that age other people. Her will to live happily, or at least beautifully, was so formidable that it triumphed over nature itself. She had reckless courage, the gift of friendship, and a restless, inquiring mind.

Everything in life has a time of fulfillment—especially women. As far as Elsie, Lady Mendl went—in the stages of life that were behind her, she had graduated from an ugly child to a young woman who became a mediocre actress, then a successful businesswoman. Of the photographs of her and the paintings, during the years that followed, one would with kindness say that she appeared to be a person nice enough but without any distinction. Yet now she was beautiful, she had at the height of life achieved a shining quality.

Her face had the luminous pallor of a porcelain statue, young and alert. She had invented the bluing of hair and wore ribbons, jewels, or golden leaves in it. She exercised hard, and adhered to a rigid diet prescribed for her by Dr. Hauser. After her ordinary morning exercises, she devoted a daily half hour to her eyes, exercising them by various routines and by flitting sunlight into them

through a large magnifying glass. As a result, she had the vision of a bird of prey.

She insisted on perfection in the running of her house and she had a passion for beautiful things—and these qualities lent her such strength that those who came near her gladly submitted to the discipline she inflicted on herself. All the bums of Hollywood got off their high-wheeled bicycles and behaved themselves, and the most vulgar women turned gentle in her presence.

I Soon after their first meeting, Lady Mendl insisted on Mr. Bemelmans' moving into "After All" as the guest of Sir Charles and herself, and there he stayed for the remainder of his time in Hollywood. Lady Mendl decided to give a "coming-out party" for him at "After All."]

Through the corridor that led to Sir Charles' room came the strains of his rich voice. It was a good voice; it was for a vast audience, like Carnegie Hall.

"Shut the door, please, Coombs," Mother said to the butler. But the voice still came through the door. It had the volume and resonance of Melchior in his richest timbre. Sir Charles rendered one of his favourite lieder called "Ich grolle nicht, wenn auch mein Herz zerbricht."

"Oh, the musical agonies I suffer," said Elsie. "Concerts bore me to death, and when one of the guests sings or plays the piano after dinner, it's torture."

The butler opened the door and ushered in a man who delivered a gift-wrapped case. Elsie indicated where she wanted it, and told the butler to open the case.

"There is one kind of music I tolerate and that is decorative music. By that, Stevie, I mean a quartet—put somewhere out of the way—in front of a nice Watteau panel—in costume—white wigs and silver buckles—or else behind a screen—then, yes, it's nice to have them play while the guests arrive, and it kills the noises of the service during dinner."

The butler had undone the wrapping, and Elsie pointed to the wooden case and asked:

"What's in it, Coombs?"

"Twelve quarts of Cointreau—Milady."

"What will I do with twelve quarts of Cointreau?"

The butler pondered the problem and then his face became animated. "Give a party, Milady," he said with a jerk of his head.

"Of course," said Elsie. She turned and faced me, and she held up a handkerchief and, waved it like a flag. She said, "Stevie, Mother is going to do something for you. You know that enthusiasm in this world comes always fifty years too late to do the artist any good. Now you don't care to be famous when you're dead and gone. You want what the world can offer you now."

She stamped her foot, and she said: "And Mother is going to see that you get it. She will introduce you to the beau monde—you'll have a coming-out party."

A few days passed, and Mother added people to the list, and it was getting bigger and bigger. The weather was fine, and she decided that it could be held half inside, half outside the house. She said: "We'll place the rugged ones like Gary Cooper and Clark Gable outside," and then she added softly: "I think we ought to have a little music, Stevie."

I said, first of all, that Mother hated music; secondly, there were all the brilliant and artistic people in town on that list, who would make conversation, and most important, that there was a war still going on and it wasn't the time for too much gaiety.

Mother looked at me a little hard at first, but then kicked me in the ribs with her elbow, and she said: "You're right, Stevie. The brilliant people can make brilliant conversation, and this is no time for dancing and high jinks—why have music? Oh, you're so right, Stevie. What would Mother do without you to advise her?"

Charles had listened. And when we were alone, he said to me: "You know, dear boy, you're going to have music at your party. You know that, don't you? And what's more, you'll pay for it. One can not win a war with the old girl. Watch out now—and remember what I said."

It was a week before the party, and I was up in my room. Some people had arrived for cocktails, and suddenly I heard music below. On the way to the living room I met Charles.

I said: "I was shaving upstairs just now, and it seemed to me that I heard some music. Did you hear any?"

"Yes, of course. That's your music, dear boy, no doubt."

Charles walked to the bar and when he came back, he said, "She's an incredible woman. She has solved the problem so that we're having music, and doing something for the boys at the same time. Come and see."

There were a few guests in the small salon. In a corner of the bar sat three sailors: one, a thin, long boy bent over a big guitar, which he called "Ghitar." The second had a small concertina and hummed through his nose, and the third played on a clarinet. They played cowboy songs and then Little Dogie songs, and while strumming the guitar, the tallest did some Western yodelling.

"Now you can't possibly object to that," said Elsie. "And I hope it settles all your worries about the war, and all these dear boys ask for is a little drink and a ten dollar bill each, that makes it thirty dollars—now that's not too much for an evening's entertainment." Elsie looked like the Bad Queen, and left us to listen to the sailors from Texas. Charles sat down and said to me: "Usually I'm the victim. This time, she's done it to you. I offer ten quid if you can get out of paying for the music."

We were, that evening, only the family at dinner, and Elsie said: "Now Stevie, dear, you haven't told Mother how you liked the orchestra."

I said, "Look, Mother, I give up. I don't want any music, but you do—"

Mother looked a little hurt, and then she said: "Why don't we do this. We'll each pay for a musician. Stevie, you pay for one, Charles pays for one, and Mother pays for one—now, that's very fair, don't you think?"

"I don't mind at all," said Charles, and walked out of the room.

"I say," he said to me later, in the corridor, "that's awfully cheeky of the old girl! And why do you let her do it—why don't you put your foot down?"

"I'm sorry," I said. "I lost the battle and I owe you—how much is ten quid?"

"Under these circumstances, I wouldn't dream of holding you to it."

I went up to my room and Mother's maid came and said that Lady Mendl wanted to speak to me.

Mother had a bed which was an antique, beautiful bed. She had also a great liking for lying on the floor, on a mattress, covered with fur blankets. On this mattress she exercised in Yogi fashion, and occasionally stood on her head.

The room was softly lit. A fire burned in the chimney and the one maid who refused to call Mother "Milady" was arranging the pillows. Elsie punished her by calling her "Miss Bridget." The "Miss" was like a hiss. Mother was a wonderful portrait, like a very complicated little rich Christmas tree beautifully ornamented, delicate, glittering here and there with jewels; she had still her white gloves on her hands, and a turban about her head.

"Now dear Stevie, I have engaged Mr. Nightingale to light up the house and the garden tomorrow night. It will be a little like Versailles." She smiled sadly. "Dear Stevie—give Mother your hand. Would you terribly mind if Mother asked you for a great favour?"

"No, not at all."

"Stevie dear, do you mind if Mother gets a few people to make a little, quiet night music?"

I said that I didn't mind and that we had all agreed on the sailors. Mother fell asleep, smiling.

Next day, Mr. Nightingale was busy wiring trees, the house was torn apart, and all was upset. I went to Charles's room.

He was wearing grey felt pantofles and magnificent British underwear, wool, and white, and reaching from his ankles to his middle, and an upper piece with sleeves to his wrists. The underwear had the red letters 38 embroidered on it.

"What does the number 38 on your underwear mean?"

"That's the year when one bought it, dear boy—so you can keep track how it lasts. I had this made in '38, and now we are '45, that's not bad. Of course, it's made in England—Hillditch and Keyes, Piccadilly—About tonight, you'll be lucky, dear boy, if you don't end up with Carmen Cavallero and his orchestra playing for dinner. Let me warn you, be prepared for surprises."

A few borrowed butlers, and some men that work for a caterer named Shields arrived, and it slowly got dark. The hairdresser and his assistant arrived and Elsie went upstairs to get dressed. Charles met me on the way to my room. He had a box of cigars and a bottle of whiskey in his hands. He said: "I want to tell you that I am very fond of you." He handed me the box of cigars and the bottle of Scotch and said: "This is

(Continued on page 113)

# PURÉED BABY FOODS

# FOR ADULTS-AND GOOD, TOO

A rushed, ingenious cook can use prepared baby foods for good soups, soufflés, hot breads, relishes, and desserts. They can be started in the middle, easily. (Here are some recipes of the Beech-Nut Company recipes never before published.)

#### SOUPS

#### PURÉE MONGOLE

2 jars strained peas
1 tablespoonful tomato paste
3 jars water
2 chicken bouillon cubes
½ cupful cream
1 teaspoonful curry powder
Salt and pepper
2 tablespoonfuls sherry (optional)
Buttered croutons

Combine all ingredients, except croutons and sherry, in a saucepan. Mix well, simmer for 15 minutes. Add sherry. Pour into 4 soup bowls; float croutons on top of each serving.

#### CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP

1 tablespoonful butter or margarine
1 tablespoonful flour
Dash paprika
Salt and pepper
1 clove garlic crushed or
½ teaspoonful garlic powder
2 chicken bouillon cubes, crushed
2 jars strained spinach
3 jars light cream
Sour cream
Chopped chives

Melt butter; blend in flour, paprika, salt and pepper. Add garlic and bouillon cubes; blend. Add spinach, simmer 10 minutes. Use jar to measure light cream, add cream, heat (do not boil). Serve at once with a spoonful of sour cream and chives. Serves four.

### SOUFFLES

### QUICK SPINACH SOUFFLÉ

3 tablespoonfuls butter or margarine
3 tablespoonfuls flour
1 jar "Junior" spinach
2 eggs, separated
1/4 teaspoonful salt
Pepper
1 teaspoonful grated onion

Melt butter, add flour and blend. Add spinach and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add beaten egg yolks and seasonings. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a 1-quart ungreased casserole and bake in moderate oven, 350°, until firm, about 20 to 25 minutes. Serves four.

# BEAN AND MUSHROOM SOUFFLÉ

5 tablespoonfuls butter or margarine
4 tablespoonfuls flour
2 jars "Junior" green beans
1/4 lb. mushrooms
1/2 teaspoonful salt
Pepper
3 eggs, separated

Melt 4 tablespoonfuls butter and blend in flour. Add green beans and cook until thickened. Sauté coarsely chopped mushrooms and seasonings in remaining tablespoonful of butter. Add to hot mixture. Add beaten egg yolks. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Pour into an ungreased 2-quart casserole; bake in a moderate oven, 350°, for 40 to 50 minutes. Serves six.

# MAIN-COURSE DISH

# EGGS FLORENTINE

2 tablespoonfuls butter or margarine 2 tablespoonfuls flour 1 jar "Junior" spinach 14 teaspoonful salt Dash pepper 1 jar strained chicken soup 14 cupful grated Cheddar cheese 2 English muffins, split, toasted, and buttered 4 eggs, poached

Melt butter; blend in flour until smooth. Add spinach, salt and pepper, and cook over low heat until thickened. Empty chicken soup into another saucepan; add cheese and cook, stirring constantly, until cheese is melted. Pile hot spinach on four toasted muffins, making an indentation with spoon in each spinach pile. Place poached egg in each indentation. Pour cheese sauce over eggs. Serve at once. Serves four.

#### HOT BREAD

#### BANANA TIFFIN BREAD

1¾ cupfuls sifted flour
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
¼ teaspoonful soda
½ teaspoonful salt
⅓ cupful shortening
⅔ cupful sugar
2 eggs, beaten
1 jar strained bananas

Sift together flour, baking powder, soda, and salt. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and beat until fluffy. Add eggs and beat well. Add flour mixture alternately with bananas, a small amount at a time, beating until smooth after each addition. Turn into a well-greased 4 by 8 inch loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven, 350°, for 45 minutes. Makes 1 loaf.

Prune Tiffin Bread may be made by using 1 jar strained prunes in place of the bananas.

#### RELISH

#### HORSERADISH SAUCE

1 jar strained apple sauce 1 tablespoonful horseradish ½ teaspoonful vinegar Dash of salt

Combine and mix all ingredients. Serve with cold poultry or hot as an accompaniment for hot birds.

#### SALAD

#### JELLIED BEET SALAD

1 package lemon gelatin
34 cupful hot water
34 cupful cold water
1 tablespoonful vinegar
1 teaspoonful salt
1 jar "Junior" beets

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add cold water, vinegar, and salt. When mixture begins to thicken, add beets, mixing well. Pour into a mould rinsed with cold water. Chill until firm. Serve with sourcream dressing. Serves four to six.

### DESSERTS

### PANCAKE DESSERTS (CRÊPES)

1 egg
1 teaspoonful sugar
1/4 teaspoonful salt
1 cupful flour
1/2 cupful milk
1/2 cupful water
1/2 teaspoonful vanilla

Beat egg. Add sugar and salt. Then add flour alternately with milk and water. Add vanilla, beating well. The batter should be thin so, if necessary, add more milk and water in half-and-half proportions. For each pancake lightly butter a small skillet and pour in just enough batter to cover the bottom of the pan. Cook until very lightly golden on both sides. Makes about 8 pancakes. Fill with the following sauce:

1 jar "Junior" apricots and apples 2 tablespoonfuls butter 1 tablespoonful flour

1 teaspoonful sugar

Reserve a generous tablespoonful of the apricots and apples and mix with 1 teaspoonful of sugar for a glaze. Melt butter, blend in flour well. Add apricots and apples and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Put a generous table-spoonful of the mixture in the middle of each pancake and roll up. With a pastry brush apply the glaze mixture. Place pancakes in a flat, flameproof dish and broil 5 inches from the flame, watching carefully to see that they do not burn (about 5 minutes). Makes about eight pancakes.

# JIFFY APPLE SAUCE PIES

2 jars "Junior" apple sauce ½ cupful sugar ¼ teaspoonful cinnamon

4 teaspoonful nutmeg 6 2-inch squares thick, flaky baked pastry

Turn apple sauce, sugar, and spices into a saucepan. Blend and heat over a low flame. Pour into 6 individual sauce dishes and top each with a square of pastry. Serve with a spoonful of whipped cream on top of the pastry square.

# CREAMY PRUNE WHIP

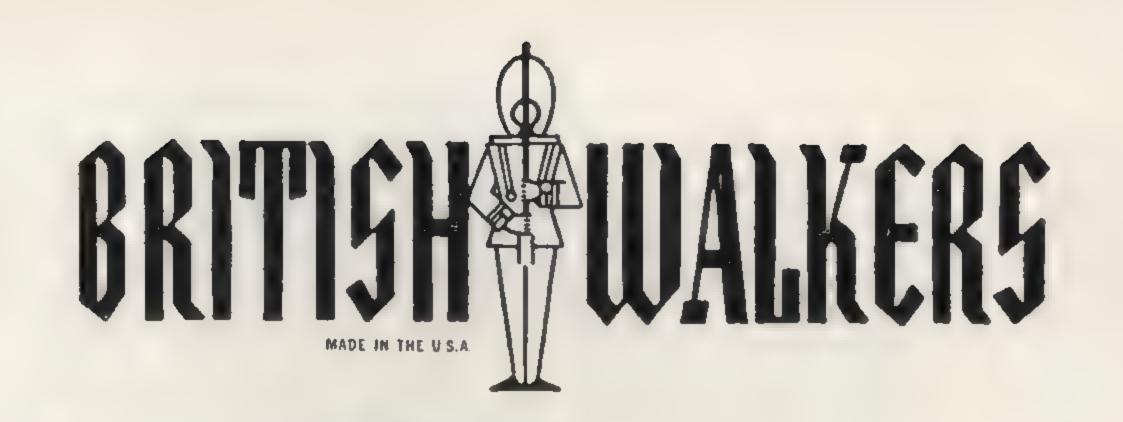
2 egg whites
Dash salt

1/3 cupful sugar

1/2 cupful heavy cream

1 jar "Junior" prunes

Beat egg whites until stiff, add salt and fold in sugar. Whip cream until stiff and fold carefully into prunes. Fold eggwhite mixture into prune mixture. Pile on chilled platter. Serve with custard sauce. Serves six.





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KERTESZ

# "The Finest French House"

(Continued from page 88)

Of Mrs. Byron C. Foy's exceptionally fine collection of French furniture and porcelains only a few highlights can be given. In the library (another view of which is shown above), the carved and gilded chandelier was made by Jean-Jacques Caf-

sian palace. The encoignures, or corner cabinets, are of tulipwood and bois de rose, signed by Nicolas Jean Marchand and dated 1738. The wall cabinets contain Mrs. Foy's collection of eighteenth-century Chinese porce-

lains, and scattered about the room are cache-pots, bowls, and boxes from her collections of Bow and Meissen, St.-Cloud and Vincennes (the early period of Sèvres). In a lighted vitrine is an enchanting collection of Chelsea scent-bottles, made by French workmen in London between 1745-1770.

In the dining-room, the extraordinary and beautiful gold panels were made for the Colombe sisters in the time of Louis XVI, and remained in the Colombe family until fifty years ago. On either side of the door are a pair of extraordinary black-and-gold lacquer commodes by François Rubestuck (1722-1785); on top of these are terra-cotta figures of nymphs and cherubs by Claude-Michel Clodion. The Régence mantel garniture, four candlesticks and a clock with delightful Oriental figures in lacquer and ormolu, was once in the Italian royal palace at Turin. The firedogs are two magnificent white Sèvres figures of charging bulls.

Under the two Degas pastels in the drawing-room are a pair of gilt fauteuils by Delaisement with love-birds on the backs, executed for the Petit Trianon; and between them stands an incomparable violet-and-rosewood commode signed by Charles Cressent, a great craftsman of the Régence.

The gilt consoles, made for the Elagin palace in Russia, and the ormolu and crystal girandoles, are of the same early and much prized period. In the fireplace are two white marble sphinxes with women's heads, made for Marie Antoinette and presented by her to her great friend and lady-in-waiting, the Countess de Lamballe; one head is the Queen's, the other the Countess's. (Ironically, both ladies were later beheaded on the same day.)

The entrance hall, which is marble-floored like the dining-room, contains four more superb Renoirs (two of them, flower pieces); under one is a Louis XVI black lacquer table signed by Martin Carlin. The marble "Aphrodite" by Giovanni da Bologna was bought by Mrs. Foy in Europe. It had stood for centuries in a garden, and was blackened with age and exposure to weather, but careful polishing revealed the pure white marble underneath. Around its pedestal, and up the marble steps leading into the dining-room, are always grouped masses of flowering plants from Mr. and Mrs. Foy's Long Island greenhouse. Fresh flowers in season, arranged in bowls of Sèvres and Meissen, of celadon and blanc de chine, fill the whole apartment all year around.

# VILLON

(Continued from page 83)

Villon has the vitalizing energy of pure colour to express his severe compositions. He is fortunate to have inherited from Seurat and the Impressionists, but above all to have inherited from the visual daring of the optical scientist, his intense palette.

On a small drawing table next to his canvas are several torn sheets of tracing paper; they are his palettes. On them he can mix his colours without one colour intruding on the other; the pure mixtures thus isolated permit methodical, precise work.

"I work with pure colours ... I don't add oil or turpentine ... straight from the tube! I don't worry what will happen to them! I am working only for the present!"

The bright canvas on the easel seemed to obey some hidden law of colour harmony. Villon the great colourist explained, "My purpose is to reduce all colours to a unity, to give each colour the same value, and to fill the gulf between them with white or maybe even black!" From the large table littered with drawings he picked up a small book protectively, lovingly covered with neatly folded brown paper. It was the French edition of O. N. Rood's Modern Chromatics, published

in 1881 in New York. "My system of the use of colour is based on the study of this American scientist. I want to achieve harmony between all colours. The master craftsman who worked with stained glass always took into consideration a unifying theory of colours." Briefly stated in Rood's book, the luminosity of colours is compared to white paper, and if white equals 100, each colour will have its relative number, i.e., chrome yellow 80, green 48, cobalt blue 35, ultramarine 9.

To achieve this harmony between all the colours in a painting, Villon has worked out his own rule of thumb. He adds proportionate amounts of white paint, the painter's light, to each colour, increasing its luminosity so that all colours on the canvas will come as close as possible to 100. If he wants to use chrome yellow (80) in a painting, he will squeeze out a certain quantity of yellow and then, depending on the intensity he wants, he adds a certain amount of white. This quantity of white will take on the value 20, for chrome yellow is 80; and 80+20=100.

From then on, to green (roughly 50), he will have to add two-and-a-half times the amount of white he had added to yellow, and his green (50+20+20+10=100) will be in equilibrium with the yellow.

He said, "The purpose is always equilibrium—balance."

After many years Villon just squeezes his white tube, matching and measuring with the eye the correct amount of paint.

By this use of white in his colours, the white paint acting as a built-in light, Villon achieves a

strange and personal colour harmony. The colours of a Villon seem deceivingly pale, as though bleached by an inner intense light, but this subtle gentle colour sensation slowly grows more intense, insinuatingly marking the mind with a permanent afterimage. Whoever has looked at the sun and then closed his eyes knows the miraculous complementary colour of the after-image, paler but so intense. A Villon painting is an afterimage that one sees with open eyes.

"I am constantly preoccupied with the pyramid of da Vinci. If one draws the diagonals of the canvas, the intersection is the summit of the pyramid. A painting has its own light, not connected with the light of reality. The extremes of value will be, let's say, on the opposing sides of the pyramid. The choice of what my painting is going to be is made before the execution begins. I do not like to repaint.

"My ambition is to explode the object and to make it, in exploding, reach the edges of the canvas, thus creating a new object. Reduce the object to the square of the canvas!"

On a large worktable were many sketchbooks and loose sheets of drawing paper. He said, "When I was young I made many sketches, now very few, but I have found out that whenever I now feel the necessity to sketch there is a real significance."

This phrase revealed a curious ability of his mind to take with a grain of salt whatever happened to him. Certain sentences reveal graphically the structure of the inner mental process and permit the study of a man's mind.

After Villon stated a premise,

usually such sad negative ones as "I sketch rarely," or "I have wasted fifteen years," his mind contrapuntally would come up with such happy positive statements as, "Now when I sketch there is significance," or "Because of my long life time has been given back to me." This ability to find reasons for hope is a sign of youth.

Villon the man is un homme d'esprit. In the French language the one word esprit stands for humour but also soul, mind, sense, understanding, intellect, wit, fancy, temper, character. The dignity of man is his mind. Intelligence is the weapon man uses in his struggle with the universe; with it, man is slowly unlocking the many closed doors that bar progress toward understanding. The mystic, the philosopher, the scientist, the artist are but names given to men of the mind, who seek in their own chosen ways, the answers to their questions. Their search for the truth is a measure of man's faith.

When I watched Villon work and live, listened to Villon speak, the aged great artist seemed to be "the portrait of the artist as a young man." It seemed as though James Joyce had prefigured Villon's existence and thoughts—as if the painter ahead of his time confirmed the vision of the writer who wrote of art: "To speak of these things and to try to understand their nature and, having understood it, to try slowly and humbly and constantly to express, to press out again, from the gross earth or what it brings forth, from sound and shape and colour, which are the prison gates of our soul, an image of the beauty we have come to understand—that is art."

# "The One I Love The Best"

(Continued from page 110)

for your party, dear boy."

I went to dress and when I came down, the trees were lit up: the effect was as if green leopard skins were hung over the branches. The candles flickered and the first guests arrived; it was a young and handsome couple in love, and to be married in a few days. She was pretty and a starlet, and the man was a very decent looking and much-decorated captain of the Air Force. They went to the bar and drank their cocktails, and then down the stairs came Elsie; and she was magnificent and more royal than all the queens reigning at that time. She had over her shoulders a long, pale blue cape such as the Officers of the French Foreign Legion wear. She was dressed in snow white, and wore all her medals, including the croix de guerre, for her service in the field in the first World War. She wore a pair of long gloves, white and with jewels embroidered on them. She wore golden leaves in her hair and her big Indian necklace.

The announcer pronounced:

"Mr. Gilbert Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Rubinstein—Mr. Pinza—Miss Leonora Corbett, Mr. Charles Boyer— Mrs. Whitney—"

"Good evening, Bon soir, Bon soir." Mother made brief conversation with the guests and introduced me. There was a pause, and then we heard music: a faint strumming, barely audible, over the hum of conversa-

tion. Mother said, "Go, Stevie, and tell them to play a little louder."

I went to where the music came from and saw that there was only one sailor, the one with the guitar, and I asked him where the others were. He said that they couldn't come because they had gotten drunk and were in the brig.

I went back to Mother.

"Miss Jeanette MacDonald— Sir Alexander Korda—"

"Good evening...Good evening..."

In the next pause, I told Mother about the missing sailors. Charles came over. Elsie was, at the moment, introducing me to a newly-arrived goddess. Charles waited, and then said, "Elsie, did you know that only one of the musicians has come. The others appear to be in lockup."

"I know, Charles dear," said Elsie, and to Marlene Dietrich she said: "I don't know what I'd do without dear Charles—he worries about every detail when we give a party." She looked at him and smiled her smile of dismissal, but Charles stayed, he wanted to ask something.

"Yes, Charles dear?"

"I say, whose musician is it, the one that's come?" asked Charles.

Mother pulled up her gloves. "Oh," she said, with the Bad Queen face, "not my musician, Charles, and certainly not Stevie's musician. It's your musician that came."



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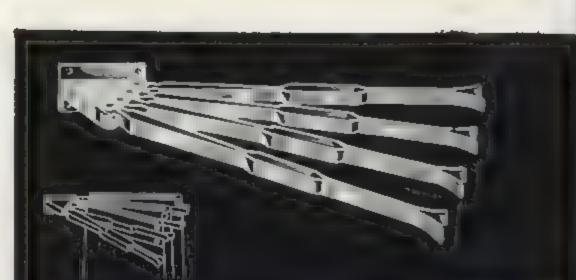
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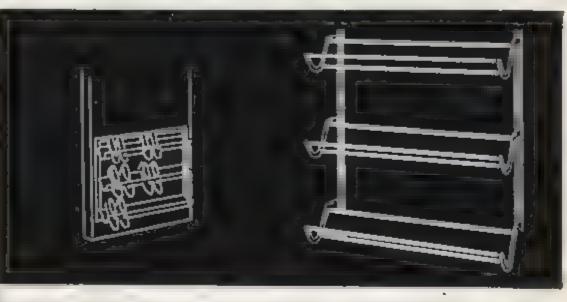
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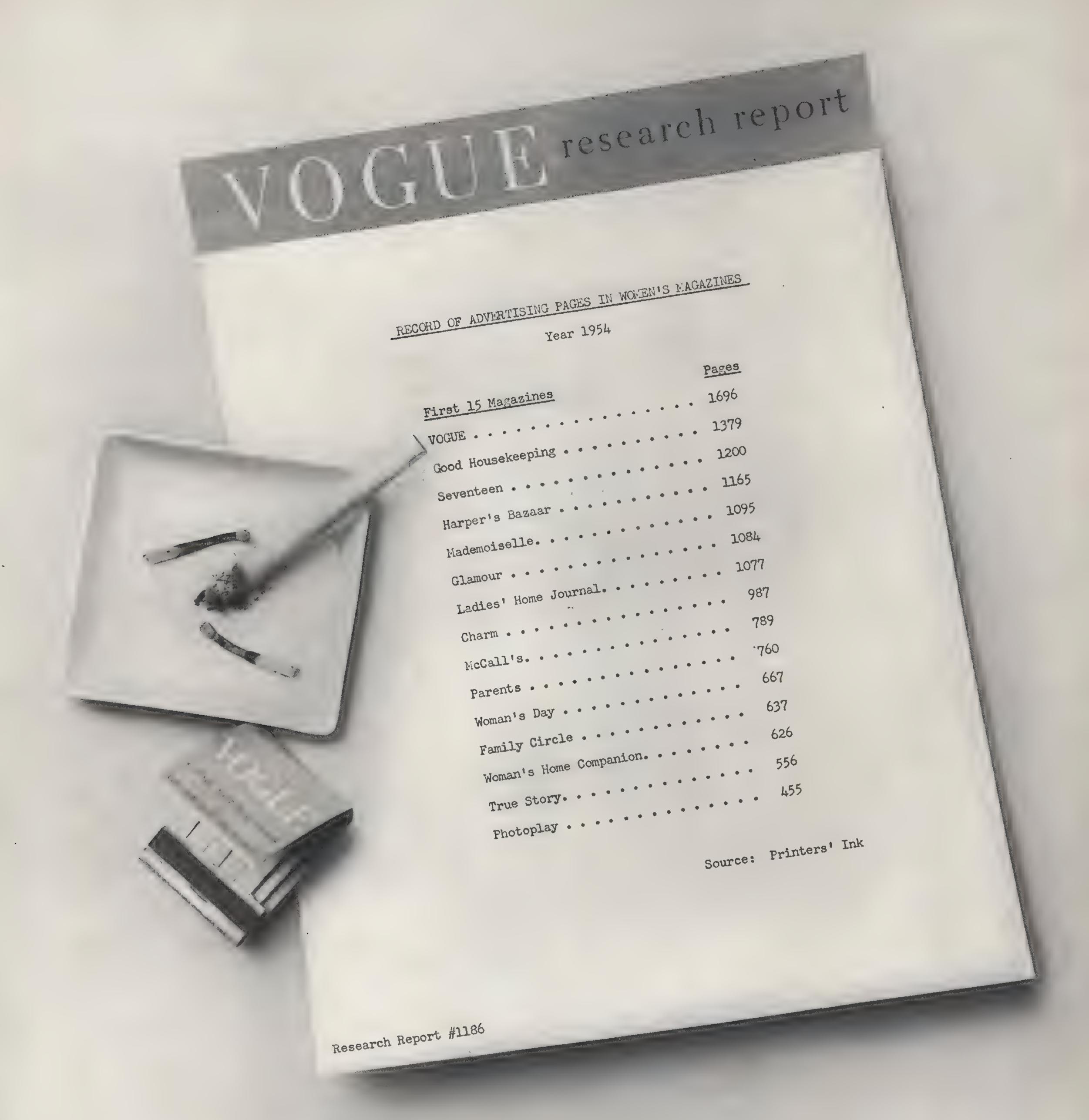
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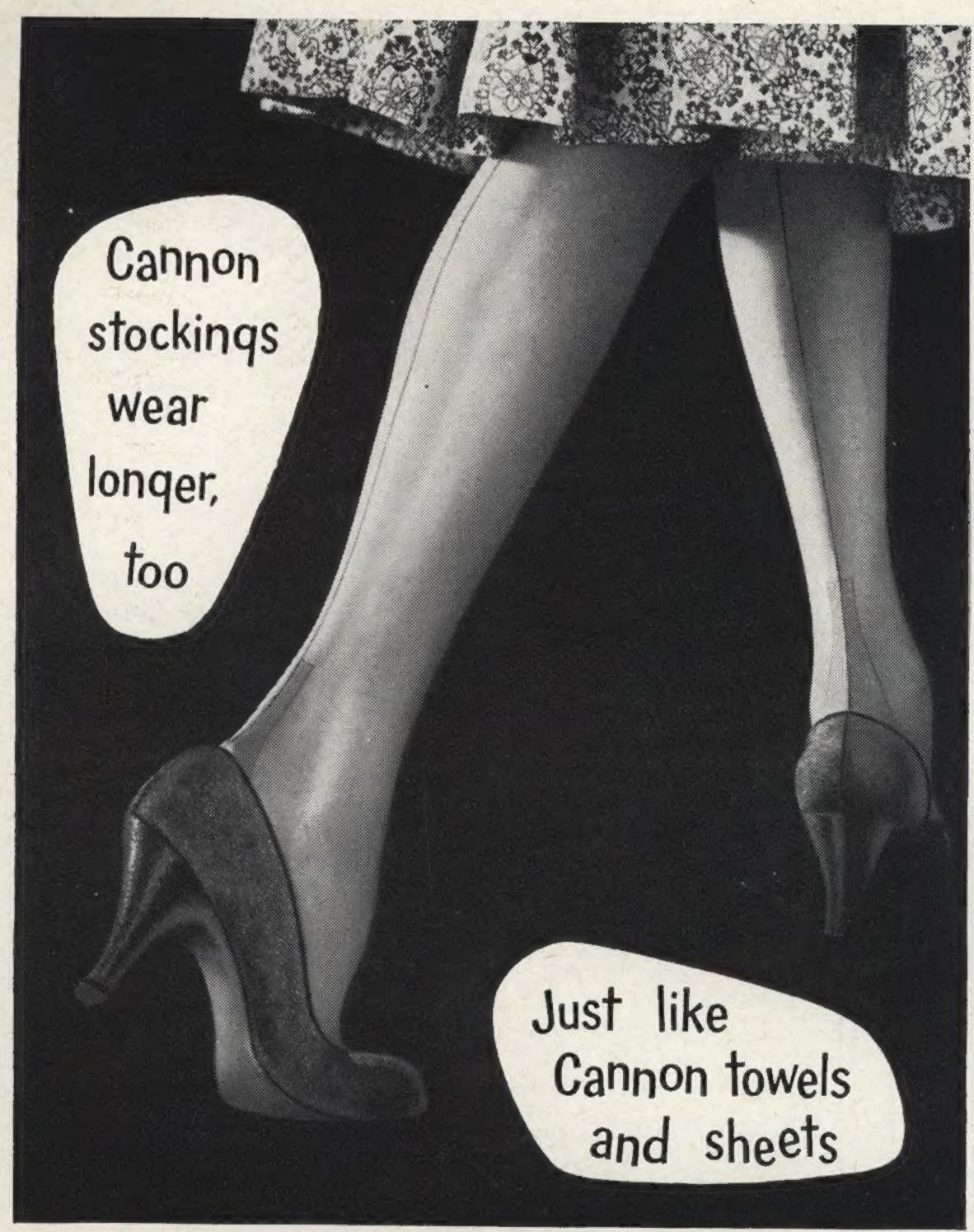
The stocking above fits. It's not only the right stocking for opera pumps (its foot-reinforcement tells you that), but it's the right stocking for any number of women. How do we know? We know because this is the new Bur-Mil Cameo sheer stretch stocking; it's been processed to fit perfectly, to cling but be forever flexible. The shoe at top: What's exciting about it—its slender toe (news on a spectator shoe.) By Hill and Dale, \$18. From Lord & Taylor. The shoe, above centre: Long, slender last; the toe, fan-stitched. By British Walker, in Hubschman calfskin. About \$22. Bonwit Teller. The shoe, directly above: Refreshing look for an opera pump to have: not a seam in sight. By Customcraft, in calfskin, \$19. Jack Shaefer.



GRIGSBY

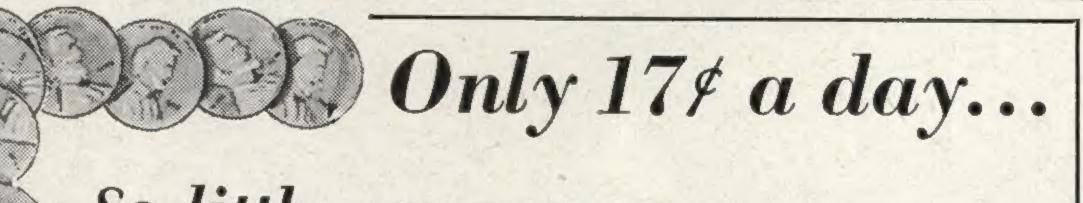
At top: A delicate sandal and a stocking that's far better than going bare-legged (it's simply a tinting and complexion-perfecting for the leg). The sandal, in pale-blue kidskin, remarkably firm in balance for all its seeming bareness, by Air Step, \$12. At Donaldson's. The stocking here, seamless, "footless"—a sandalfoot by Holeproof. Centre: The black spring and summer (and next winter, too, as far as that goes) sandal—designed to be a cross between a sandal and an opera pump. By D'Antonio, in Hubschman calfskin, \$20 at Jay Thorpe. The stocking choice here: Van Raalte's "Sandalace," naked, except for a fine shadow of reinforcement under the foot. Directly above: A sandal that's going in a new direction—toward more detail per shoe (that's what's happening now to sandals in general). Nice to see: this much delicacy, mounted on a mediumhigh heel, and meant for a young foot. By Life Stride, in kidskin, \$9. Wm. H. Block; Famous-Barr. The stocking, Munsingwear's pale seamless stocking; a little shadow of reinforcement at the toe.





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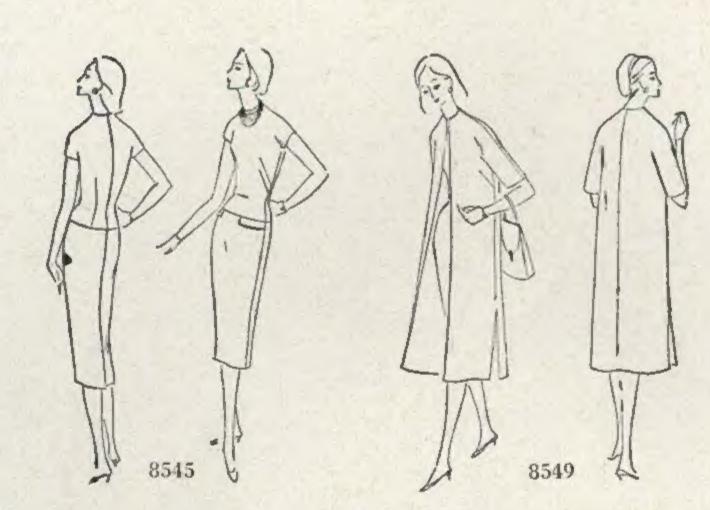
Address City..... Zone..... State..... Contributions to the Save the Children Federation

are deductible from income tax.

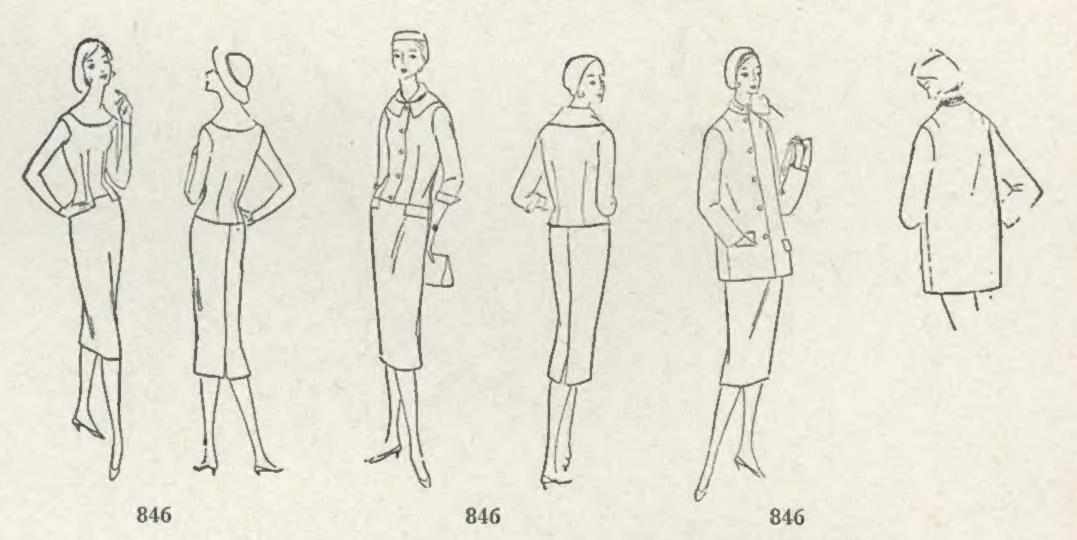
V-6

# VOGUE PATTERNS

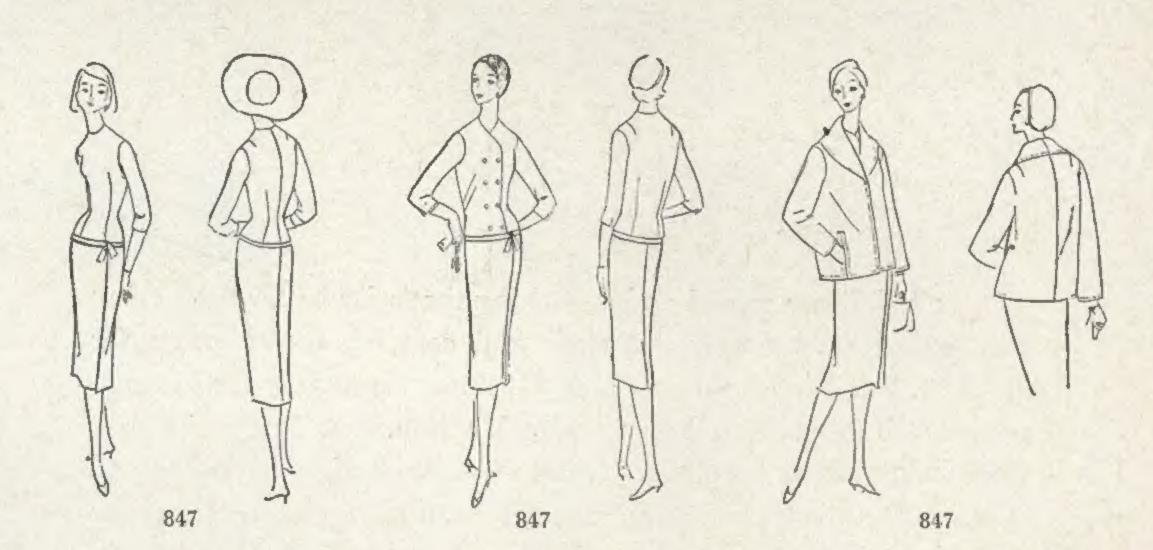
(Back views of the patterns shown on pages 94-99)



Above at left: Vogue Pattern 8545, a short-sleeved, slendercut dress. In sizes 10 to 18 (28 to 36). To make the dress in size 16 (34) you will need 27/8 yards of 35" fabric. 60c. Above at right: "Very Easy to Make" Pattern 8549, a straightlined coat. Sizes 10 to 20 (28 to 38). To make the coat in size 16 (34), 3% yards of 35"-wide fabric needed. Price: 75c.



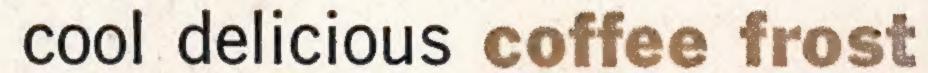
Above: The front and back views of three ways to wear Vogue Couturier Pattern 846. Left, the dress alone. Centre, dress and jacket. Right, dress and coat. Sizes 12 to 18 (30 to 36). To make all three pieces in size 16 (34) you will need 5 yards of 54" fabric. If you wish to use two fabrics, the coat will require 1% yards of 54" fabric; the dress and jacket will need 3% yards of 54" fabric. Price of this pattern, including the jacket, finger-tip-length coat, and sleeveless dress: \$2.50.

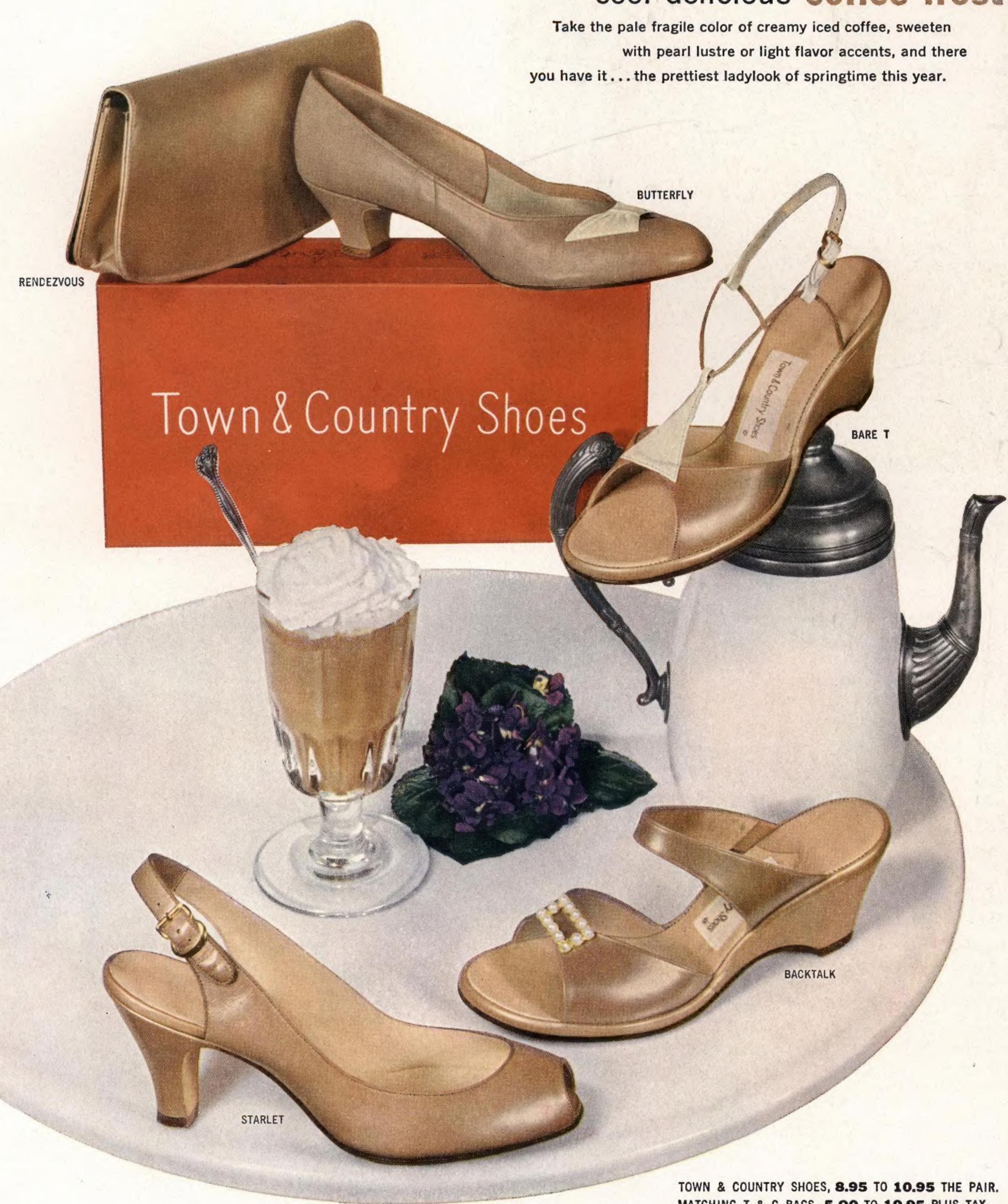


Above: Vogue Couturier Pattern 847, which gives directions for a long-bodied dress, a double-breasted cardigan jacket, and a finger-tip-length coat. Seen above at left, the dress worn alone. The centre shows the dress and jacket costume. Right, the coat over the dress. Pattern in sizes 12 to 18 (30 to 36). Size 16 (34) will need 6% yards of 45" fabric to make the three pieces. Coat alone needs 21/4 yards 54" fabric. Dress and jacket, 3½ yards of 54"-wide fabric. Pattern price: \$2.50.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

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